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CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK.....	389
SUMMARY OF THE WEEK'S NEWS.....	392
EDITORIAL ARTICLES:	
The Republican Lesson.....	394
The New Opposition in Mexico.....	394
The Disestablishment Panic in England.....	395
Hunters and Trotters.....	396
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE:	
England: Statesmen on the Stump.....	397
Prince Waldemar's Marriage.....	398
Art Notes from Paris.....	399
CORRESPONDENCE:	
Protection of the Yosemite Valley.....	401
Free Trade in South Carolina.....	401
The Canon of Criticism for "Books" and for "Literature".....	401
Unbelief at Yale.....	402
Religious Instruction at Harvard.....	402
More Telegraphy.....	402
NOTES.....	402
REVIEWS:	
Tilden's Writings and Speeches.....	406
Recent French Books.....	407
Children's Books.....	409
Gosse's Classical English Poetry.....	409
Tuscan Cities.....	410
The Tale of Gamelyn.....	410
Paris in Old and Present Times.....	410
BOOKS OF THE WEEK.....	410

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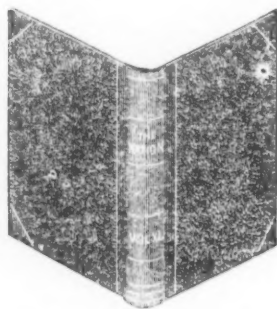
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CONTENTS:

Chapter.

- I. The History and Literature of Hunting.
- II. Beasts of the Chase.
The Stag. The Fox and his Habits. Harriers and the Hare. Beagles Hunted on Foot.
- III. The Stable. IV. The Kennel.
- V. Hunt Servants.
The Duties of a Huntsman in the Field. The Duties of a Whipper In. The Duties of a Kennel Huntsman. The Duties of an Earth Stopper. Compensation for Damages done by Horsemen and by Foxes. Artificial Fox Earths.
- VI. The Horse. IX. The Provincers.
- VII. The Rider. X. Hunting from London.
- VIII. The Shires. XI. The Otter and his Ways.

Appendices. A. List of Masters of Hounds and Servants. B. Names of Hounds. C. Hunting Terms. D. Bibliography. Index.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1885.

The Week.

THERE are certain features of the late canvass which must not be forgotten by friends of reform, no matter what they may think of Governor Hill and his methods. One is that for the first time in the last fifty years we have had a canvass in which office-holders took no part. In the country districts, there are still a very large number of Republican postmasters who used to be very active working politicians, and used to do a great deal for the party. This year they have been quiet as mice. They of course did not wish to serve the Democrats, and the Republicans, with the penalties of "offensive partisanship" hanging over their heads, they dared not serve. The Democratic postmasters, too, have been equally tranquil. They have not been called on for service by their superiors, and have been too doubtful about the consequences of political activity to volunteer it. In no place has the change been so marked as in this city. The Post-office and Custom-house used both to be great centres of political activity. Everybody in both, down to the scrubbing women, used to be "assessed" for election expenses. The Postmaster and his leading subordinates used to be occupied all day during the canvass with "conferences" with politicians, or in making stumping tours round the State. In the Custom-house the state of things was still worse. The Collector's office used to be crowded with "workers" from morning till night, making reports or receiving instructions. Often enough so many inspectors were sent off with a fortnight's leave of absence, to stump or "organize," that it was with difficulty the business of the port was carried on. Clerks who could not be spared, or were less skilled in management, were mulcted mercilessly by assessments, and their "loyalty" was insured by the perpetual dread of peremptory dismissal, though neither loyalty nor assessments made any man sure of his place.

This year none of these things have been witnessed. The "Sterling incident" is the only sign of "politics" about the Custom-house during the late canvass. There were no assessments, no leaves of absence, no partisan activity of any kind. The divorce of the Post-office from politics was even more complete. In both the business of the Government was carried on, like the business of private bankers and merchants, without regard to the canvass or the election, and Government clerks, like private clerks, did or did not make contributions to political funds, as their means allowed or their sympathies dictated. To crown all, there is probably not a man in New York to-day who can, in consequence of what he did or said during the late canvass, count on a place under the National Administration. According to the predictions of the spoils-men during the last two or three years this ought to have resulted in a general public in-

difference to the election. Not only ought office-holders to have abstained from political activity, but the bulk of the voters ought, on hearing that there were no Federal offices to be divided, to have lost all interest in the result, and stayed away from the polls. So far from this, however, it appears that about 484,000 Republicans and about 495,000 Democrats actually voted, with no other motive except interest in the affairs of the State and a desire to strengthen their own party in the political field. So that it is not yet true that Americans look on elections as simply a gambling operation, in which the stakes are places in the public service.

One of the best things about the election in Virginia is the fact that the white Democrats are indebted in part to the negroes for the dimensions of their majority. Nothing has been more discouraging for the future of the blacks than the political slavery in which they were held until the election of Cleveland. How abject this slavery was cannot be better illustrated than by the fact that even a man like General Hawley, who fought to make them freemen, has seriously proposed to take the census figures of the number of adult black males in any State as the number of votes which ought to be returned for the Republican ticket at every election, and to consider any falling off as prima-facie evidence of Democratic fraud! The worst indictment of the negro capacity for self-government ever framed by Southern Democrats was not so severe as this assumption of the Republican party that every black man was its lifelong political vassal, and that any rascal like Mahone who captured a Republican nomination might count with entire confidence upon the solid negro vote. The colored man, in his dense ignorance, was not to blame for believing the unprincipled white leaders who told him that he would be put back into physical slavery if the Democrats came into power; but this political slavery was only less fatal to his development than his ancient servitude. It is one of the greatest benefits of Cleveland's election that it has not only freed Northern whites from their fears of "Southern domination," but that it has also emancipated Southern blacks, so that they are beginning to divide their votes between the parties like real freemen.

Mahone's newspaper organ, the *Richmond Whig*, has been put in the hands of a receiver, and its bad influence as a reckless corrupter of public opinion is at an end, as its future, if it has any, will be under other auspices. It has been, since it came into Mahone's control, a most shameless advocate of repudiation and of dishonest political methods, representing in the press precisely what he represented in politics. Like him it was dependent upon Federal aid for its support, and, the supply having been withdrawn, it falls to the ground with him. There is a report that he will leave Virginia forever to live in Europe, but we should think that either Ohio, or some part of Massachusetts, where he could be in close fel-

lowship with Sherman, or Foraker, or Hear, or Long, or Lodge, would be more congenial for him. As these statesmen were so closely united to him in political life, they ought not to be separated from him in political death. His cause ought not to be less worthy of support because it has failed. All these statesmen were, at last accounts, prepared to stand by it forever, even if they had to "stand alone," and they ought to be glad to have Mahone come North and stand with them.

"The Senate Safe" is the title of a curiously but characteristically illogical article in the *Tribune* of Friday morning, intended to show that the Republicans are sure of controlling the upper branch of Congress during the last half of President Cleveland's Administration. Proof of this proposition is supposed to be found in the fact that the Democrats failed last week to carry the Legislatures in New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut, no one of which States elects a United States Senator until after another Legislature is chosen. It is true that the State Senators chosen in New York and New Jersey last week will participate in the election of United States Senators early in 1887, but the fact that the Republicans have the advantage in holding over members by no means decides the result. When the *Tribune* says that "the election of a Republican Senate in New Jersey insures the election of a Republican when Senator Sewell's term expires," it only displays that preternatural ignorance of political statistics which nowadays distinguishes the paper founded by Horace Greeley. In 1881 the New Jersey Republicans also carried the State Senate, and thus secured a long enough lead to retain control of that branch in 1882, but when the lower branch was chosen in the latter year, the Democrats elected enough representatives to give them a majority on joint ballot, and thus elect a Democrat to the United States Senate. The chances certainly are at least even that they will have as good luck in the election of 1886. The *Tribune* shows equal ignorance of facts recorded in sundry *Tribune Almanacs* when it consoles itself for the very narrow Republican majority in the Connecticut Legislature just chosen, by the claim that "the preponderance of the Republican vote in the small towns is always felt when an election of United States Senator is directly at stake." The fact is that, despite the great advantage which the Connecticut Republicans enjoy in a contest for the Legislature by reason of the unfair system of town representation, the Democrats carried the Legislature in 1874, when a Senatorship was "directly at stake," and thus sent W. W. Eaton to Washington. As for New York, although the Republicans carried the upper branch of the Legislature in 1873, a year before a Senator was to be elected, as they have done this year, and thus insured their control of the upper branch in 1874, the Democrats got so large a majority in the lower branch in the latter year that they sent Mr. Kernan to the capital.

The truth is, that the contest for control of the United States Senate from 1887 to 1889 is going to be close and doubtful until after the November elections of 1886. Twenty-six Republicans and twenty-five Democrats will hold over from the Forty-ninth Congress. The Republicans have already secured the Legislature in Ohio which elects the next Senator, and the Democrats in Maryland, Virginia, and Mississippi, which makes twenty-eight Democrats and twenty-seven Republicans sure of seats after March 4, 1887. The Democrats are morally certain to carry next year's Legislatures, and thus secure the Senatorships, in Delaware, Florida, Missouri, Tennessee, Texas, and West Virginia, and the Republicans in Massachusetts, Minnesota, Nebraska, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and Vermont. This will carry the totals up to thirty-four Democrats and thirty-three Republicans, and leaves the nine States of California, Connecticut, Indiana, Maine, Michigan, Nevada, New Jersey, New York, and Wisconsin to be fought for. If the Democrats can add four of these nine to their previous thirty-four, they will have a majority with Vice-President Hendricks's casting vote, while the Republicans must carry six of them to make their previous thirty-three a majority of the seventy-six members. The Republicans are pretty confident of carrying Maine and Wisconsin, while the Democrats are almost certain to secure Indiana. The Nevada seat will be again put up at auction, and a Democrat is as likely to "bid it in" as a Republican. California elected a Democratic Senator half-a-dozen years ago, and may do the same thing again. The Republicans came within a few votes of losing the Michigan Legislature last fall, and the State has become a doubtful one, while last week's election in Connecticut shows that neither party can count upon that State next year. The Democrats seem to-day as likely as not to get the New Jersey Legislature in 1886, and may elect enough members of the lower branch in the New York Legislature next year to give them a majority on joint ballot even with a Republican Senate—although the present apportionment system gives the Republicans a great advantage. In short, to secure a majority in the Senate of the Fiftieth Congress the Democrats will only need to elect their men next year from four States like California, Connecticut, Indiana, Nevada, New York, and New Jersey, in which they have elected Senators when a Republican Administration was in power. They may not succeed in doing this, but it is the height of folly to maintain that they are certain to fail.

President Cleveland has given no more convincing proof of his devotion to the cause of reform than by the course which he has pursued in the matter of reorganizing the Civil-Service Commission. He dismissed from consideration the professional office-seekers, who would have jumped at the chance of drawing a \$3,500 salary and at the same time doing all they could to make the system a farce, and made diligent search for men of character who were thoroughly committed to its principles. The fact that such a man as Mr. Charles R. Codman, of Massachusetts, was Mr. Cleveland's original choice for one of the three places, spoke volumes as

to his sincerity. Unfortunately Mr. Codman, and more than one other man of equal fitness whom the President sought to secure, could not serve, but he did not lower his standard. He has at last filled two of the vacancies with Mr. William L. Trenholm, of South Carolina, and Mr. Alfred P. Edgerton, of Indiana. Mr. Trenholm's selection can be commended without the slightest reserve, since he has gained a national reputation by his earnest advocacy of sound doctrine on the silver question, and is a pronounced believer in civil-service reform. Mr. Edgerton is unknown to the general public, and the fact that he is an old gentleman of sixty-eight is certainly against him; but he is vouched for as being in full sympathy with the reform. Both of these gentlemen are Democrats, and it is a distinct gain to the movement that a majority of the Commission should be members of that party.

The examination for the Weighership at the Custom-house has terminated in a manner most painful for the Lifelong Democrats. It has produced at the top of the list one of the assistant weighers, who has had long experience of the place, and would in any well-organized service be entitled to the promotion, even if there were no examination. This is bad enough, but it is not all. He is a disabled soldier, and, worse still, served in the Sixty-ninth Regiment. Moreover, his name is O'Brien, and he was educated at St. Francis Xavier's College. The number of classes of the community who will be afflicted by this result is very large. The Lifelong Democrats will be pained at his getting the place as the result of a positive proof of fitness. The Irish Democratic blatherskites of the Bourke Cockran school will be afflicted at seeing an Irishman named O'Brien serving as an illustration of the virtue of the competitive system. The Irish Republican blatherskites will be pained at seeing a Democratic President getting the credit of this mode of filling a weighership. The liquor-dealers will be enraged at seeing a good Government place snatched from the hands of one of the best barkeepers in the country, who marched as chief mourner at the funeral of the lamented Jimmy Elliott, the pugilist and gambler, slain by Jerry Dunn in a saloon battle. In fact, nobody of the spoils school will get any comfort out of it except those who maintain that college graduates get all the places under the competitive system. But even their mouths will be closed by the fact that it was at St. Francis Xavier's College he graduated, for they are always forced to confess that the degree of a Catholic college does not hurt an office-seeker.

The new anti-Chinese crusade on the Pacific Coast is approaching a crisis. The Federal authorities in Washington Territory have taken vigorous measures to enforce the laws which expressly guarantee protection to all Chinese in the country, and the national Administration has thrown all the weight of its influence on the same side. Indictments have been found in the United States Court at Vancouver against no less than thirty-two citizens of Tacoma, including the Mayor and Police Judge and the editors of two newspapers, for inciting the recent outrages. There

is abundant evidence that Chinese were dragged from their houses, cuffed, kicked, and beaten, and driven from the city in a cold storm, while their homes were burned by the mob. The District-Attorney is confident of his ability to secure the conviction of the offenders, and the trials will be watched with interest throughout the country, and indeed throughout the world. The honor of the Government is really at stake in this matter, for its faith has been pledged to the protection of these Chinamen.

President Cleveland's proclamation, warning evil-disposed persons in Washington Territory to desist from their designs against the Chinese, coupled with the above proceedings, is notable as the first attempt of the Government to fulfil its legal and moral obligations towards the Chinese. It furnishes, too, a fresh proof of President Cleveland's stern and inflexible determination to enforce the law of the land against men of every race and condition, without regard to local feeling, and gives him a new claim on the respect and confidence of humane and patriotic men. In truth, in enforcing the law against the cattle-men, and now against the "leading citizens" of Washington Territory, he turns over a new leaf in American politics, and shows us the difference between an upright magistrate, who does not bear the sword in vain, and a tricky demagogue or weak and timid trimmer, who is always seeking for an excuse for not offending powerful criminals.

The instructions given to Mr. Marble in his late mission to Europe on behalf of the Government have been published. He was to ascertain, by "personal conference with the expert advisers and statesmen of the principal governments of Europe," the "present opinions and purposes" of those governments with regard to the establishment of an international ratio of value between gold and silver, and the international use of both metals as unlimited legal tender. The main object of this mission was doubtless to have positive information of recent date as to the condition of the European mind about silver, to lay before Congress when it meets. Mr. Marble's report has not been published. When it is published, we suspect it will be found that the expert advisers and statesmen of Europe stand on this question about where they stood four years ago, when we sent Mr. Evarts over to convert them.

Indiana furnishes a fresh illustration of the fact that nothing stimulates fraud better than liberal appropriations for pensions. The Legislature a few months ago made a grant of money to pay the services during the war of the State Legion, a sort of home guard organization. Claims immediately began to pour in upon the State Treasury in appalling numbers. One county professed to have had about two thousand men in the Legion, at which rate this comparatively small force would have nearly equalled in number the State's contributions of volunteer soldiers during the whole war. Men sent in affidavits declaring that they had served from five to eight months, when investigation showed that they had never handled a gun. The evidence of wholesale lying was so con-

clusive that the State officers had to call a halt and stop payment altogether. There is nothing novel or surprising about such developments. Quite as disgraceful a showing was made early in the century, when Congress voted pensions to all who had served in the Revolutionary army and were in need of assistance, only to find more applicants than the largest number of soldiers in Washington's army at any period of the war for independence. The ordinary rules of conduct somehow appear to lose their influence over people when there is a pension to be got, and men who are generally considered good citizens lie in the most shameless fashion.

A noteworthy feature of agriculture in the West this year is the great increase in the production of flax. The receipts of flaxseed in Chicago during October aggregated 1,875,000 bushels of fifty-six pounds each, and in one week of the month the receipts of the seed exceeded those of wheat. For the first three months of the current crop year the receipts were nearly 1,600,000 bushels larger than in the same months of 1884, and the shipments were nearly as much in excess of those for the corresponding time last year. A quarter of a million bushels have already been exported, and as much more has been ordered for Europe, where the American seed is supplanting the crop of British India. The immediate cause of the great increase in production is the low price of wheat last fall and winter, which discouraged many farmers as to the future of that grain, and induced them to try the raising of flax. The seed brings good prices, and the great danger is that the success of the experiment will tempt too many farmers to go into the business next year. Flax exhausts the soil very rapidly, and a few crops of it will leave a farmer with his land badly worn out. It will not be strange if the Western farmers who try it find themselves in the end as badly off as their New England brethren, who twenty years ago were induced to go into tobacco-raising by the high prices which the crop commanded, and before long discovered that their land would not produce a crop without such a quantity of fertilizers as made it hard to raise anything profitably.

The failure of the natural gas wells in Champaign, Ill., is a forcible reminder of the fact that we know next to nothing about the condition of things below the earth's surface. There is not the slightest assurance that the people who are working up great schemes for the use of similar gas in Pennsylvania may not find the supply some day suddenly giving out. As to petroleum, there is accumulating evidence that the amount available is limited, and that before many years the home supply will be seriously trenching upon. The geologist in charge of the Pennsylvania survey, who for a decade has carefully studied the oil region in that State and across the New York border, points out that the production for each well is steadily diminishing with the increase in their number; and as the area of possible operations is limited, he inclines to the opinion that more than half of the supply is already exhausted. As the market for oil has been widening of late

years, the end will come all the sooner; and while the question is not yet a pressing one, everything indicates that before many years a substitute for petroleum will be demanded. The wonderful development of invention, however, is calculated to keep people from worrying over the prospect, since we are fast coming to believe that man is capable of supplying any deficiencies on the part of nature.

The motion made in the Common Pleas on Monday to have the Court adjourn out of respect for the memory of the late Judge Cardozo, was a curious illustration of the degree to which the friends of wrong-doers in this city count on public forgetfulness. Cardozo was once Judge of the Common Pleas, and was translated to the Supreme Court. While there he became a member of the Tweed Ring, and, like Barnard, made merchandise of his office. It was proved against him, among other things, that he gave references to a young lawyer named Gratz Nathan, a connection of his, on condition of sharing in the fees, and did share them, and, to escape impeachment and certain conviction, he resigned his office, and implored the Committee of the Bar Association to forego further pursuit of him on condition that he would leave the State. They agreed to this, but, the danger over, he broke his pledge, and impudently resumed practice at the bar in this city, where he remained till his death—a standing discredit to his profession. One would expect that under these circumstances all his friends would ask at his death would be silence and oblivion on the part of the courts and the press. But one of them had the audacity on Monday to ask the Court of Common Pleas, which he had disgraced, to adjourn out of respect to his memory. Comically enough, too, the motion was seconded by that very droll ex-Judge Richard Busted, formerly known in New York politics as "gallorous Dick Busted." The Court denied the motion, and adjourned at the usual hour. It ought to have sat two hours later than usual, with the bench draped in sackcloth.

The conviction of Stead, the editor of the *Pull Mall Gazette*, for abduction, has been followed by his conviction for an indecent assault, and sentence to three months' imprisonment. The Judge evidently shares the opinions of the London press about his goings on. The London morning papers are very savage in their comments on him, and no wonder, for his "revelations" seem to have been entirely based on stories told him over champagne by brothel keepers. His one piece of practical demonstration he had to manufacture, and took for the purpose an innocent child. Two months' imprisonment would be an absurdly light sentence for such an offence. He is, however, hardly as much to blame after all—because he was making a good stroke of "journalism"—as the "Social Purity" people who have been encouraging him. No profligates, or vendors of obscene literature, or procuresses have done as much to spread impurity through the English-speaking world in the last hundred years as Stead has done in the last six months. The London *Times* accuses him of "stooping

to some of the arts of fourth-rate transatlantic journalism." What can this mean?

A curious phase of the Sunday-closing question in England is presented in a recent letter in the London *Times*. The correspondent writes that, in company with two friends, he attended afternoon service in the newly restored nave of St. Alban's a fortnight ago last Sunday, "proposing afterward to see the rest of one of the most interesting of English cathedrals." Service over, however, the party were informed that it was impossible for them to carry out their plan, and that it was forbidden even to walk round the nave after service except by special permission from the Archdeacon. This permission was obtained by the correspondent, but upon returning to the Abbey, he found that his companions had meanwhile been turned out of the building "with but scant courtesy," that the doors were locked, and the vergers gone. Having failed in their endeavor to inspect the interior, the visitors attempted to see the exterior, "in itself of extreme interest," but they were promptly ordered out of the churchyard by a surly official, who told them that if they did not clear out at once they would have to climb over the spikes of an eight-foot railing. Similar rules are enforced at the interesting church of St. Michael in the same town, with its Bacon monument and shrine of Duke Humphrey. And we may add that Americans know by experience that Shakspeare's bust and grave in the Stratford church cannot be viewed on Sunday except during service. The *Times's* correspondent is indignant at such regulations, and we doubt not that many rigid Sabbatarians will share his sentiments. Yet the truth is, that the clergy of St. Albans have only been consistent in carrying out to its logical conclusion the theory upon which is based the whole opposition to the Sunday opening of libraries, museums, art galleries, and all such places. It is just as bad to visit St. Albans of a Sunday "to admire at leisure the grand old Abbey" as it is to go to a picture gallery and enjoy the work of a great painter. The St. Albans clergy stand on the same platform with the people who oppose the Sunday opening of the Metropolitan Museum in Central Park.

The Conference of the Powers on the Balkan affairs has met at Constantinople, and is now in session. It does not follow because there is a conference that there will be peace, because the war of 1877 was preceded by a conference. But Turkey is a great deal wiser now than she was then, and is really anxious to avoid war. A compromise has been proposed by Austria, which proposes that instead of a complete union between Bulgaria and Rumania, there should be a personal union—that is, that they should remain separate principalities, but should each have Alexander of Bulgaria for its Prince. The difference between this and the complete union would probably be found in the course of a year to be no greater than between tweedledum and tweedledee, but it would save Turkish pride and furnish some sort of answer to those who pretend to respect the Treaty of Berlin.

SUMMARY OF THE WEEK'S NEWS.

(WEDNESDAY, November 4, to TUESDAY, November 10, 1885, inclusive.)

DOMESTIC.

THE President on Wednesday appointed Mr. Alfred P. Edgerton, of Indiana, to succeed Mr. Dorman B. Eaton, and Mr. William L. Trenholm, of South Carolina, to succeed Mr. John M. Gregory, as members of the United States Civil Service Commission. Both are Democrats. Mr. Edgerton was in early life a clerk in a mercantile house in New York city, but while still a young man removed to Northern Ohio as the agent of the Northern Land Company. He then served four years in Congress as a Democrat, and was the financial agent of the State of Ohio, with an office in New York city. In 1858 he moved to Indiana, and ten years later was the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, Vice-President Hendricks being the candidate for Governor. They were both defeated. As a Democrat, Mr. Edgerton refused to support Greeley in 1872, and came within six votes of being nominated for Vice-President on the O'Connor ticket over John Quincy Adams, jr. He was then nominated as the straightout Democratic candidate for Governor of Indiana, but declined in a letter which urged all Democrats to support Mr. Hendricks, and the latter was elected. For fifteen years Mr. Edgerton has been unanimously elected by the Common Council of Fort Wayne as the President of the Board of Education of that city. He is a friend of civil-service reform. Mr. Trenholm is a commission merchant, about fifty years of age, and was warmly endorsed for the appointment by leading friends of the civil-service reform movement North and South. He is the son of the late Secretary of the Treasury of the Southern Confederacy, and has been brought into prominence lately by his addresses before numerous bankers' conventions on the silver question, and his writings on the same subject, which have attracted wide attention. He also is a civil-service reformer.

On Thursday afternoon the President appointed Dorman B. Eaton as the Republican member of the Commission. It is believed that he will only hold the position temporarily.

The Democratic spoilsmen in Washington, who are endeavoring to make it appear that the fall elections have resulted in a defeat and not in an endorsement of the President's policy, insist now that the President must hereafter more rapidly make removals from office and appoint politicians, and they assume that the changes in the Civil Service Commission mean that the Administration will relax its vigilance in the execution of the Civil Service Law. In this there are the best of reasons for stating that the spoils hunters will be quite as much disappointed as they were before the election. President Cleveland has a definite policy, and it is his purpose to execute it. The fact that the fall elections have gone one way or another will not cause him to deviate from the course which he has marked out. The new Civil Service Commissioners will be held to a strict responsibility, and while it is undoubtedly true that there will be some important changes in the rules, these changes will be intended to render the execution of the law more efficient, and not the contrary.

President Cleveland has appointed Leverett Saltonstall Collector of Customs at Boston, in the place of Roland Worthington, removed. Mr. Saltonstall is a graduate of Harvard University, and a lawyer, but for some years has not been engaged in active practice. He has been a Democrat since the disruption of the Whig party, and for many years has been an active and influential member of the party in his State, repeatedly representing it in the Democratic National Conventions. In 1876 he was one of Mr. Tilden's trusted advisers.

On Saturday the President issued a proclamation commanding all persons at Seattle and other places in Washington Territory who have

assembled for unlawful purposes to desist therefrom, and to disperse and retire peaceably to their homes on or before 12 o'clock, November 8. This referred to the proposed uprising of the people to drive the Chinese from that Territory.

Indictments have been found against thirty-two persons for participation in the outrages against the Chinese at Tacoma, Washington Territory. It is understood that among the persons indicted are Mayor Weisback, of Tacoma, the Police Judge of the city, the editors of two newspapers, and other persons prominent in inciting outrage. The President's proclamation and the advent of troops have had the effect of breaking the backbone of the riot at Seattle, and no further trouble is feared.

The President has recently held conferences with leading Democrats with special reference to the silver question. At one of these conferences he was very earnestly urged to take in his message the most radical ground in opposition to the silver dollar, and to declare for a single standard. The impression, however, among those who have talked with the President is, that he will recommend in his message the repeal of the law which authorizes the coinage of the present standard dollar, and the enactment of a new law which will provide for the coinage of a silver dollar so increased in weight as to be the present equivalent of gold. This is practically the John Sherman plan. These statements are not authoritative, and it may be that the President has not yet himself finally decided as to his recommendations; but this is the inference of those who have very carefully discussed this question with him.

The final action of the Congress of the States comprising the Latin Union on bimetalism is announced by Minister McLane by cable to the State Department as follows: "France, Greece, Italy, and Switzerland have renewed the monetary convention for five years; silver coins redeemable in gold; no additional silver coinage permitted; convention open to Belgium."

President Cleveland returned to Washington on Wednesday morning and immediately sent the following telegram to Governor Hill: "I have just returned from Buffalo and learned the result when nearly home. I heartily congratulate you on your election."

The hearing in the matter of the various petitions against the Bell Telephone Company was begun at the Interior Department in Washington on Monday morning. The Board consisted of Secretary Lamar, Assistant Secretaries Jenks and Muldrow, and the Commissioner of Patents.

The Creek Indians have decided not to sell Oklahoma at any price.

A receiver was on Monday appointed for Mahone's organ, the Richmond (Va.) *Whig*. This is accepted as the surest possible indication that Mahone has bid farewell to politics in Virginia. He has controlled the *Whig* for twelve years.

Full returns show that the election of local officers in this city resulted in the choice of the following: Sheriff—Hugh J. Grant, Tammany. County Clerk—James A. Flack, Tammany. President of the Board of Aldermen—Robert B. Nooney, Irving Hall and Tammany. Supreme Court Judge—George C. Barrett, united Democratic and Republican. Superior Court—John Sedgwick, Republican and County Democracy. Common Pleas Court—Henry W. Bookstaver, Tammany. City Court—David McAdam, Tammany, and Simon M. Ehrlich, Tammany.

The Republican majority in Iowa is about 6,000.

The official census of Wisconsin just completed shows: Total population, 1,563,423; white males, 806,842; white females, 748,810; negroes of both sexes, 5,576; Indians, 2,695.

Roach's shipyard at Chester, Pa., started work on Monday morning. 150 men were put to work on the cruisers.

The boycotting of the Knights of Labor against the Mallory Steamship Company and on the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fé Railway at Galveston, Tex., continued unchanged until Sunday. The commerce of Galveston was practically suspended, no freight entering that city. The white longshoremen of the Mallory Line struck about the middle of October. Negro laborers are doing their work. On Sunday an agreement was reached to arbitrate the dispute, and the men went to work on Monday morning, breaking the freight blockade.

Ex-President Franklin B. Gowen, of the Reading Railroad Company, has issued a manifesto to the stockholders, announcing himself as a candidate for the Presidency of the company at the coming election.

A storm accompanied by a cyclone passed over the region north of Selma, Alabama, on Friday night, causing great destruction. Thirteen dead bodies have been found in the track of the storm.

The iron steamer *Algoma*, of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, was wrecked on Friday on Lake Superior. Forty-eight lives were lost, and only fourteen were saved. The steamer struck a reef in a great gale while trying to make a port of refuge.

Ex-Judge Albert Cardozo died in this city on Sunday, at the age of fifty-seven. In 1866 he was chosen a Judge of the Supreme Court. In this position he soon attracted the attention of Tweed and his associates, and he was involved in the downfall of the Tammany Ring in 1871. Early in 1872 he was formally charged by a committee of the New York Bar Association with corrupt conduct in having illegally received for his own use a part of the fees of referees appointed by him. An Assembly committee of investigation made a majority report in favor of Cardozo's impeachment, and on the very day upon which a vote would have been reached in the Assembly upon the question of impeachment, the Judge resigned from the bench. He was a prominent Tammany Sachem.

John McCullough died at his home in Philadelphia at 1 o'clock on Sunday afternoon. He was born on November 22, 1837, near Londonderry, in the North of Ireland. His father was a poor farmer. The boy came to America when fifteen years of age, and for a time worked at chair-making. A fellow-workman persuaded him to join an amateur dramatic company. He was seen by a Philadelphia manager and engaged to play at \$4 per week in 1857. E. L. Davenport encouraged the young actor. In 1860 he won the favor of Edwin Forrest, and under his tutelage advanced rapidly to be his leading support. When Forrest died, McCullough came to be acknowledged as in some respects his successor. He managed a theatre in San Francisco for ten years and prospered. Returning East, he met with general favor. For several years his financial success has been very great. His most successful rôles were *Virginius*, *Payne's Brutus*, and *Othello*. He began to fail in health in 1884, and on September 30, while acting *Virginius* at Chicago, he completely broke down. He never appeared upon the stage again. His faculties were gradually eclipsed. He was one of the most popular men in the dramatic profession.

FOREIGN.

The first meeting of the Balkan Conference took place in Constantinople on Thursday. Business was limited to the exchanging of credentials and the appointment of officials. The Conference opened with accord among the Powers on the following bases: That the treaty of Berlin be nominally maintained; that Rumania and Bulgaria be kept separate, but be permitted a personal union under Prince Alexander; that an international commission fix a common code of laws for the two States; that their military budgets be kept separate; that the Rumanian militia be maintained, and that the Bulgarian troops be forbidden to cross their own frontier. Queen Victoria's influence

is used to keep Prince Alexander in power. On the other hand, it is rumored in Berlin that England and Russia have arranged for the Duke of Edinburgh to succeed Prince Alexander.

The Balkan Conference has accepted the proposal of Said Pasha approving the principle of a return to the *status quo ante*. At the next sitting of the Conference, France will propose to sanction the wishes of the people of Rumelia by conceding common organic statutes with Bulgaria, under one ruler, leaving open the question as to Prince Alexander. It is stated that a proposal has been made at the Conference to appoint a temporary Governor of Rumelia, and to request Prince Alexander to withdraw pending the settlement of the question.

Lord Salisbury, in a speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet in London on Monday night, predicted that the Balkan Conference would be a failure, and that its decision would be adverse to English views. He thought that if the *status quo ante* were restored, the Bulgarians would take Greece and Servia into their confidence, and Turkey would then have to combat three Powers instead of one. The Balkan movement was purely popular and not prompted by foreign influence. England earnestly desired a settlement that would satisfy the Balkan States and preserve the integrity of Turkey, which was necessary for European peace.

The London *Standard* on Tuesday asserted that Russia consented to the union of Bulgaria and Southern Rumelia on condition that Prince Alexander resigned.

Russia has dismissed Prince Alexander from the honorary command which he held in the Russian army. Such action is highly significant. It shows, first, that Russia has given up hope of Alexander's ever being anything but hostile to her and the ruler of an independent principality, and, second, it foreshadows the probability of the Conference breaking up in dissension.

The St. Petersburg *Novoe Vremya* on Friday said: "It has been learned that Prince Alexander intended to dismiss the Russian officers in his service, but that Russia recalled them, and thus forestalled him. Russian interests are closely united with those of Bulgaria. Russia, however, is not hostile to Prince Alexander."

A conspiracy among the followers of Prince Karageorgevitch was discovered in Belgrade, Servia, on Thursday. Many influential men were involved. It was the intention of the conspirators to take the life of King Milan. A number of arrests were made, and intense excitement prevailed throughout Servia.

There is reason to believe that the Servian conspiracy was the outcome of the revolutionary programme recently planned by the Pan-Slavist Committee in Rumelia, which embraced a union of Bulgaria, Eastern Rumelia, Old Servia, and Macedonia under one sceptre.

Parliament will be summoned to meet in January, and will then adjourn. During the interim, if there is a large Liberal majority, the present Ministry will resign and a new Ministry will be formed. If the Conservatives should have a majority in the new Parliament, they will prepare a programme for the session. If the parties are equally divided, the Conservatives will retain office.

Lord Salisbury delivered a speech in Victoria Hall, London, on Wednesday evening. He denied that the Tories wished to tax cereals, but said that free trade should not prevent an arrangement of duties in order to place England on a footing with other nations. To take a hypothetical case, if Spain refused to admit English manufactures, but admitted those of other countries, the raising of the duties on Spanish wines by England would not be an infringement of free-trade principles, but would be a justifiable retaliation. Nor should England be prevented from altering her tariffs in order to benefit her colonies. The

speech is considered a bold bid for the protectionist vote.

Mr. Gladstone left Hawarden for Edinburgh on Monday, in good health and spirits. Unprecedented enthusiasm was shown all along the route. Mr. Gladstone made a number of short speeches by the way, arriving at Edinburgh at 4:40 p. m.

Mr. Gladstone, in a short speech at Edinburgh on Monday, said: "The Irish question is about to assume a new position because it is not now a question of cruel grievances. Thanks to the patience, zeal, energy, and good sense of Parliament, the grievances have one by one been removed. But I know very well that my fellow-countrymen in Ireland still feel and believe that one grievance remains concerning the management of their own country as opposed to imperial concerns. Formerly, the electorate of Ireland was so limited that it was almost impossible to recognize its utterances as the voice of the nation. The members were split into three parties—Parnellites, Tories, and Liberals. Now Ireland's electorate is as broad, as extended, as well qualified to speak of the wants and wishes of the people as are the electorates of Scotland and England. I am confident that England will never regret giving perfect equality to Ireland. We must look a step further forward, and expect the party which is probably in a vast majority in Ireland to demand large powers of self-government. Such will be a grave contingency. But let it not fill us with alarm, because as long as we give liberally, equitably, and prudently it will be needless to fear the results, assuming always that nothing will be demanded that will jeopardize or compromise the unity of the empire. If such a demand be made, we shall know how to deal with it. It is unjust for the people of Ireland to suppose that any other basis is contemplated. To stint Ireland in powers necessary or desirable for the management of purely Irish matters is a great error."

Mr. John Tyndall, the scientist, has written a letter in which he declines to stand as a candidate for a member of Parliament for Renfrew. He says that the permanent atmosphere of the House would not suit him. He proceeds to denounce the Gladstone Cabinet, which, he says, headed by an unstable ruler, caused five years of humiliation abroad and confusion at home. Recalling the events in the Transvaal and in the Sudan, Mr. Tyndall says: "If there be a day of retribution for the misdeeds of men, I would not willingly accompany to the judgment seat the unpurged spirits of those who were responsible for the bloodshed in the Sudan. It was a damning and damnable business from beginning to end. Yet the man who is answerable beyond all others for this waste of blood, who sent Gordon to the wilds and there abandoned him to death and mutilation, now dares to talk to the people of Midlothian as if no fleck rested upon his workmanship." Archdeacon George A. Denison, of Taunton, in an election speech recently said: "I have known Mr. Gladstone forty-five years, and I would not trust him with a brass farthing."

The trial of Mr. Stead, editor of the *Pull Mall Gazette*; Mr. Bramwell Booth, of the Salvation Army; Mr. Sampson Jacques, of the staff of the *Pull Mall Gazette*; and Mrs. Jarrett, defendants in the Armstrong abduction case, was concluded in London on Saturday at the Central Criminal Court before Justice Lopes. The Judge in his charge to the jury urged that they bring in a verdict according to the law, and not allow their personal sympathies to influence their decision. The only material question for the jury to decide was "whether the child Eliza Armstrong was taken away from her home against her father's will." They were also to determine whether the mother sold her child to the prisoners as alleged by the defence. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty against Stead and Rebecca Jarrett, and acquitted Booth and Jacques. They agreed that Stead and Mrs. Jarrett took Eliza Armstrong from her home against her father's will, but could

not agree as to whether Mrs. Jarrett obtained the child by false pretences. They also agreed that the mother did not see her child, as alleged by the defence, and that Mr. Booth and Mr. Jacques were not parties to the abduction. The Judge deferred passing sentence on the convicted prisoners until after the trial of the indictment for indecent assault against Stead, Jacques, Mrs. Jarrett, and Louise Mourey on Tuesday, when he passed sentence on the prisoners as follows: Mr. Stead, three months; Rebecca Jarrett, six months, and Sampson Jacques, one month, all without hard labor; and Madame Louise Mourey, six months with hard labor.

Mr. Stead, in conversation on Monday, said: "I strongly deprecate any attempt to make a row on my behalf or to say that I have been treated unjustly, because that is not true. I made a blunder and am now paying the penalty for it. But still I am upheld by the knowledge that my blunder was better than the wisdom of the others."

The British Government has decided to send Mr. Matthew Arnold to France and Germany to inquire into the system of free schools in those countries.

The reply of King Theebaw, of Burmah, to the British ultimatum was hostile and inadequate. It was reported on Tuesday that the Indian Government had declared war against Burmah. The British expeditionary force will move immediately.

William Benjamin Carpenter, LL.D., the eminent English physiologist, is dead. He was the author of an important work entitled "Principles of General and Comparative Physiology." His reputation was widely extended by his "Principles of Human Physiology."

Robert Thorburn, the eminent Scotch miniature painter, is dead at the age of sixty-seven. He was elected to the Royal Academy in 1848.

As a result of the elections for members of the Prussian Diet the strength of the parties in the lower house is as follows: Conservatives 140, Free Conservatives 70, Clericals 99, National Liberals 70, New German Liberals 44, Poles 14, Danes 2, Guelphs 3.

A semi-official notice published in Berlin states that Count von Hatzfeldt will retain his post in the Foreign Office, as there is no candidate at present available for the place. This disposes of the rumor of the appointment of Count Herbert Bismarck.

The Paris *Matin* asserts that President Grévy's recent accident was due to a slight attack of apoplexy, and that this renders impossible his reflection to the Presidency.

Marriotti, the would-be assassin of M. de Freycinet, has been pronounced a monomaniac.

The Pope has issued an encyclical letter quoting the syllabus of Pius IX. against modern civilization and approving it. It denounces popular government, and insists upon the obedience of subjects to their sovereigns, and upon sovereigns' obedience to the Pope. Religion, the Pope says, ought to enter into daily life. He urges Catholics to take part in all municipal political elections.

King Alfonso of Spain is seriously ill.

The Russian harvest of 1885 is above the average for winter wheat, but below the average for spring wheat. The deficiency in spring wheat is due to drought. Rye is slightly above the average. The oat crop is bad. Other cereals are below the average. The beet and tobacco crops are good. Hay and fruit are inferior. The total wheat production is 36,000,000 quarters, which is 20 per cent. under the average.

Osman Digna is not dead, as has been several times reported.

Six thousand Egyptian rebels are advancing toward Wady Halfa.

The last spike in the Canadian Pacific Railway was driven near Eagle Pass, B. C., on Saturday. Through trains will not be run until May 1st, 1886.

THE REPUBLICAN LESSON.

THE most important fact of American politics for political managers, during the last twenty-five years, has been that New York is an uncertain State, with a large, loose, shifting, and independent vote. Other large States—Ohio, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, even Indiana with the aid of the post-office—could at any time since 1860 have been counted on with tolerable certainty. New York never could be. It went Democratic in 1862, the second year of the war, again in 1868, in 1870, in 1874, in 1876, in 1882, and 1884. It gave Cleveland a majority of 192,000 for the Governorship in 1882. It gave him only a majority of 1,000 for the Presidency last year. And this fact must be taken in connection with the other most important fact, that the size of its vote in the electoral college gives it almost invariably, in the present division of parties, the power of awarding the Presidency every four years. Consequently, the Republican party, whatever else it may have, if it have not New York, is nothing but a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. In order to do any of the great things it sets before itself in its platforms, or elect any of its great and good men to the Presidency, it must have a majority in this State.

The application of this now well-settled rule to the late election seemed easy enough. The only possible hope of electing Davenport lay in catching the loose, shifting vote, which is not strongly attached to either party, and which, in spite of the defection of the Irish from the Democrats last year, put Cleveland in the Presidential chair. We care not of what kind of people this vote is made up. Call them Independent Democrats, or Independent Republicans, or Mugwumps, just as you please. What is important for the purposes of our argument is that they exist, that they hold the balance of power, and that any party which means to carry New York must somehow placate them, and that no party can count on their support in virtue of its past performances. Now, if there be anything certain in politics, there are two things certain in the politics of this State: one is, that this class of voters is sick of what is called "the bloody shirt"—sick, that is, of that queer claim of the Republicans that, although, according to their own story, they failed during their twenty years of power to secure to the negro the free exercise of the franchise, nevertheless the fact that he is still deprived of it is a capital reason why they should be kept in power indefinitely. Another is, that the Independents are not afraid of the Democrats, and do not believe Republican stories about their wickedness, and about the ruin which is sure to follow their coming into power.

Now, with these two facts before them, it seems as if ordinary business sense ought to have made the task of the Republican managers in the late canvass easy. They ought to have nominated a highly respectable candidate, who, as needing no apologies or whitewashing, would form a marked contrast to the grotesque personage whom they tried to force on the voters last year. This they did in Mr. Davenport. They ought then to have concocted a moderate platform, devoted to State affairs, avoiding or dwelling lightly on

the topics on which public sentiment in this State is most divided, speaking strongly for reform, and proving the sincerity of their speech, and at the same time conciliating Democratic friends of civil-service reform by frank and generous recognition of the very remarkable contributions to the cause of reform which the Democratic President had made. The high-tariff idea, too, as the Governor and Legislature of New York have but little more to do with the United States tariff than the Prussian Landtag, might very well have been passed over lightly or dropped out of sight, that also being a topic on which the Independent voters are divided or uncertain.

We do not need to say what kind of platform was drawn up. The Convention gave the drafting of it to a hack politician of the most mercenary and convictionless type, as impervious to new ideas as a janitor in a Dominican monastery; and something was produced which seemed in every line intended to repel and disgust the voters on whom, at every election, victory in this State depends. It insulted the President, and in such an ingenious way as to insult also the majority which voted for him last year. It misrepresented and belittled what he had done for reform, in such a way as to convince people that Republicans cared nothing for any reform by which they did not profit. To crown all, it again thrust in our faces the affairs of South Carolina, and Georgia, and Mississippi.

We felt, as our readers know, from the moment that this extraordinary document appeared, that the result of any opposition to the Democratic spoilsmen in this State must be very doubtful, and that the grossly insulting references to the President would probably, as a matter of self-respect and personal pride, remove any lukewarmness he may have felt about the Hill candidacy. We did our best to minimize the influence of the platform, nevertheless, and to fix the thoughts of the voters on the efforts made to minimize it by others, and on the good quality of the nominations, though the letters we received from Independents from both sides showed us it was very uphill work. If any success whatever attended these efforts, it was neutralized as soon as the Republicans began to produce their orators. General Carr no sooner appeared in public than he denounced the President and his Cabinet, in language worthy of an insane person, as "traitors and rebels." Soon afterwards Foraker and Logan were actually brought here to bellow about the "bloody shirt," on their way to support in Virginia the candidacy of one of the most worthless and dishonest adventurers ever seen in American politics—and this in spite of the acknowledged fact that a voter converted or confirmed in the Republican faith by bloody-shirt oratory could not be found in the whole State, and in spite of the fact that thousands have been alienated or offended by the connivance of the late Administration and of the Republican Senators at Mahone's rascalities. Then, too, in this city the Republican organ devoted itself day by day to sneering at the reformers, and warning them away from the Republican ticket, and finally illustrated Republican principles by supporting the attack on Judge Sedgwick because

he did not vote for Blaine, and trying to whitewash such local candidates as Gibbs.

To all these things must be added the fact that the Democrats are now in power and the country is still prosperous and happy, and the Republicans are thus deprived of one of their most effective electioneering weapons—the prediction of the ruin and disorder which would follow Democratic accession to power. The Democrats thus carry into every election some of the momentum of success. They will never be again overthrown in this State by opposition conducted as the Republican opposition now is. The Republican party, if it means to regain New York, must get rid of its Blisses and O'Briens and Biglins, and discard "the bloody shirt" finally and forever. Its orators must be tied down to things which New York voters can influence, and above all it must prove its sincerity in the cause of reform by praising reform wherever it sees it, instead of ridiculing and lying about all good things which it has not itself brought about. It may refuse to do these things in Ohio or Illinois, or Massachusetts, or may run a notorious rascal for high office in Pennsylvania, without exposing itself to defeat; but in New York it must do them or die out.

THE NEW OPPOSITION IN MEXICO.

It has been common to point to Mexico as the standing proof that a liberal and enlightened form of government, so far as Constitution and statutes can secure it, may be easily perverted into a centralized and despotic oligarchy. This might be admitted without at all necessitating the conclusion that the temper and education and civilization of a people are of so much more importance than their form of government as to make the latter a matter of indifference. For, all other questions aside, it makes a great difference whether an agitation to better the condition of a country and to secure popular rights has to take the form of outright revolution, or that of an appeal to guaranteed but suspended liberties. It is the difference between revolution and restoration, between anarchy and patriotism. President Diaz, as was the case with his predecessors, has found it easy to evade many a provision of the Mexican Constitution, as long as no great popular suspicion or feeling was excited. But now that he finds his Government confronted by a group of determined deputies who are vehemently appealing to undoubted constitutional rights, and evoking a growing sentiment among the people that their chartered liberties are in danger, he is realizing how different are the fasces of the Republic from the sceptre of the monarchy.

It is in this light, in our opinion, that we are to look at the recent stormy sessions of the Mexican Congress, of which the telegraph has given fragmentary accounts. A new phase of Parliamentary Government has been entered upon. A new Opposition has arisen. It is new in not being, as far as yet appears, personal—that is, allied to the fortunes of some political chief. It is new in its method, that of resolutely and incessantly demanding a return to the Constitution. A mere handful of men, bold to reck-

lessness, ready to sacrifice their political future, and, apparently, in a fair way to do it, eloquent, thoroughly versed in legal and parliamentary procedure—this Opposition in the Mexican Congress is a new and notable phenomenon in Mexican politics. The Opposition press are not guilty of great exaggeration in calling it a resurrection of Constitutional Government.

The details of the attack which this Opposition is making upon the Administration, while interesting and even exciting in themselves, are not, after all, of so much significance as the larger fact of the new spirit and method of attack. It is not one chief, nor even one party pitted against another, but the Constitution against its perversion. The new movement first took form in the last session of the Mexican Congress, over the question of approving the accounts of the Gonzalez Administration, resulting, as will be remembered, in presenting the ex-Treasurer of the Republic to the Grand Jury, and in bringing grave charges against Gonzalez himself. Many were quick to say, at that time, that this was but a new move in the game of personal politics, being only a shrewd manoeuvre on the part of Diaz to break with his old friend Gonzalez, and to cast discredit upon the latter's Administration. But that view is no longer tenable. In the present session of Congress the Opposition is as fiercely fighting Diaz as it before fought Gonzalez. The President no longer conceals his enmity to those men who are neither Gonzalists nor Porfirists, but Constitutionals. He evidently laid his plans betimes to crush out this Opposition, in numbers so contemptible, in methods and in the popular sentiment back of it so formidable. The first part of his programme was the muzzling of the Opposition press, undertaken and measurably accomplished last July. The gain effected in this way was slight, however, as it was offset by the intense popular indignation caused by the arbitrary measure. Having thus, as he thought, deprived the Opposition of the powerful aid of the press, General Diaz went on to detach from his enemy the other ally, which had before lent such important assistance, the spectators in the galleries of Congress. Overwhelmingly outnumbered on the floor, the Opposition had been able to carry the galleries with them invariably. Now this has all been changed. Admission to the galleries is allowed only on tickets, which few but friends of the Government manage to obtain. The secret police swarm in all parts of the old theatre where Congress sits. No sooner does an Opposition deputy rise to speak than he is assailed with cries and epithets from the claque in the gallery.

Nevertheless the fight has been kept up bravely. Bills are introduced, interpellations are urged, speeches are made, which have no influence upon legislation, it is true, for the Opposition is always voted down fifteen to one, yet which are producing a tremendous effect upon public sentiment. The fearless deputies, Duret, Miron, Viñas, are hailed on all sides, as they walk the streets, as the only true patriots in Congress. Always outvoted, they are never suppressed. For this Congress, at least, they will remain a thorn in the flesh of the Administration.

The points of their attack may be stated briefly. The first was the scandals and abuses

connected with the sales of public lands. In the present financial straits of the Administration no source of revenue has been overlooked. It is charged, and apparently with some truth, that the recent enormous increase in the sales of land belonging to the nation has been due to the fact that the Government is in sore need of money, and that it has been disposing of these lands at ruinous rates, often on worthless security, to unprincipled speculators. Certain it is that in some of the States, for example Chihuahua and Zacatecas, a practical injustice on a large scale has been attempted in an order for the resurvey of all private holdings, and the lapsing to the nation of all estates to which the occupants cannot show a flawless title. Recalling the fact that the first titles were acquired by conquest; that the frequent civil upheavals have been attended with confiscation and grants, renewed and reversed again and again until the legal status of vast tracts is involved in inextricable confusion; also, that the measures of area in common use among the farming population are exceedingly vague, and it will be understood with what indignation and alarm the order for a general resurvey with proof of title is looked upon by those interested.

The Opposition brought in two measures on this subject. The first was a bill enacting that the President should hereafter make no contracts for the sale of public lands without submitting them to the approval of Congress. This was overwhelmingly defeated. The second was an interpellation, addressed to the Secretary of the Interior, demanding a list of all the contracts hitherto made. Such a list was read to Congress, but all debate upon it was cut off by a forced adjournment. The attack was renewed in a demand upon the Secretary of the Treasury for the authority of law under which the President had enacted the funding measures of June 22. This interpellation precipitated a furious debate, which resulted, however, in no definite issue. Then came the revival of the old fight over the Gonzalez accounts, October 30, in the shape of specific articles of impeachment against the ex-President for misuse of public funds.

What may be the motives of these Opposition deputies, or what will be the outcome of their efforts, we do not undertake to say. The noteworthy thing is that they are working along a line and in a spirit which give hope of better methods in the Mexican experiment of representative government. They present a phenomenon which cannot fail to be of interest to the student of Mexican politics.

THE DISESTABLISHMENT PANIC IN ENGLAND.

NONE of the probable results of the extension of the suffrage in England seemed less probable last spring than that the question of disestablishing the Church would be the leading question in the present canvass. None of the Liberal leaders have pushed it into the foreground. In fact, most of them have done something to keep it in the background. What little was known of the mind of the new county voters (and it was very little) led to the belief that they would be more attracted by some of the baits thrown out by Mr. Chamber-

lain—such as free education, a graduated taxation, the appropriation of land for resale to laborers in small lots, or some measure for the breaking up of large landed estates—than by anything in the nature of an attack on the Church.

As is so often the case in politics, however, it is the unexpected which has come to pass. The canvass only began in good earnest in August, and it would now appear to have been ascertained by the Radical politicians, to their own satisfaction at all events, that what the new voters most of all desire is the severance of the connection between Church and State. This is the question which is to-day uppermost in England, and it is infusing a bitterness into the canvass such as has not been witnessed since 1832; for it has brought the clergy high and low into the arena, and, as we all know, when the clergy become polemical in politics, they handle their opponents, as the saying is, without gloves. Their violence of language has in fact already reached such a pitch that it has led one of their best Church organs, the *London Spectator*, to address a remonstrance to them, entitled the "Righteousness of Moderation," which is, under the circumstances, somewhat amusing reading. It is neither more nor less than admonition addressed to bishops, priests, and deacons against the use of bad language on the political stump. The Bishop of Peterborough, perhaps the foremost orator of the English Church, is remonstrated with for charging the supporters of disestablishment with "impudence," and "malignant ingenuity," with "rancorous hate," and with concealed desire "to break up the Church into indefinite groups," and "to produce a crop of future schisms." The Bishop of Winchester is taken to task for denouncing disestablishment as "a great national sin." Worse still, the Bishop of Durham, better known as Canon Lightfoot, one of the foremost scholars in England, has to be expostulated with for talking of disestablishment as not "only a national disaster, but also a national crime," and, as "a wholesale alienation of property, a disregard of personal and corporate rights, and such a violation of all the most sacred associations and feelings as would leave England a 'lacerated and bleeding mass.'" In fact, much of the talk on the Church side is as passionate and worldly, as extravagant, as little burdened with qualifications or reserve, as an "arraignment" plank in one of our own political platforms.

On the side of the extreme Radical politicians undoubtedly there is a good deal said and done to try the souls of the clergymen. Nothing could well be more so than the heaping up of proofs that the peasants of the counties who are now to have the vote, and whose protectors and guides the clergy have been in a special degree for so many centuries, have no attachment to the Church, and as a general rule no liking for the parson, who is, in their eyes, simply a sort of partner of the squire, or, in other words, a member of a caste, who preaches down to laboring men, without any share in their joys or sorrows. This appears to be true of that portion of the laboring class who do not care enough for religion to care where they worship. Those who do care have almost universally, especially in the

manufacturing districts, gone over to Dissent, where they are ministered to by a man nearer to themselves in sympathies and ideals.

The case of the moderate supporters of disestablishment has recently been stated in the *London Times* by Mr. Miall, the son, we believe, of the former editor of the *Nonconformist*, for nearly fifty years perhaps the foremost Dissenting layman in England. Dr. Parker, too, the minister of the great Congregational Church in London known as the City Temple, appears in the same number to argue against the Bishop of Peterborough, on the deadening effect of the connection with the State on the Church's spiritual life. Mr. Miall says that the very strong hold Protestantism and Evangelicalism still have on the people of England is due to the Nonconformists; that the national Church is every year becoming more and more "sacerdotal" in its constitution and tendencies; that a recent episcopal consecration in St. Paul's, at which Canon Liddon preached the sermon, recalled "the days of Laud"; that these doctrines and tendencies, from the Nonconformist point of view, offer a barrier to Christian union and coöperation, and make the Church of England more and more "an exclusive sect." He says that what has created the panic in the episcopal bench is, the discovery that 400 Liberal candidates are pledged to disestablishment. But, he asks—

"Why should this great fact excite surprise? Have not the clergy, especially in the rural districts, always been an effective corps of election agents for the Tory party, and have they not, for the most part, down to the time when the Prime and a few Bishops voted for the Franchise Bill, steadfastly opposed every measure of civil and religious freedom which is now inscribed on the statute book? If they had had their way, the Test and Corporation Acts would never have been repealed, Church rates abolished, or the universities thrown open. The most persistent efforts on the part of Dissenters were required to get these measures passed, owing to Church obstruction. It is barely seven years since the vehement protest of 12,000 of the clergy prevented Mr. Disraeli from throwing open the parochial churchyards to Nonconformist services, which two years later Mr. Gladstone carried. Dissenters and Liberals also cannot forget these things, and naturally trace them to the supremacy conferred by law on one particular religious body.

"Then we are told by the Bishop of Rochester that if the Church is disestablished our villages will become paganized. And this is said by a prelate of the richest Church in the world. Of course it is assumed that Nonconformists are of no account in these country districts. Is that so? Dr. Thorold can hardly fail to know that in rural England there is a perfect army of Free Church ministers and lay preachers, who, without help from the State, are zealously engaged in evangelizing the population. Their teachings may not be of a very refined nature; but, looked at from the social point of view, they are analogous to, and as efficacious as, those of the Welsh pastors maintained out of the poverty of their flocks, which enable judges and chairmen of quarter sessions frequently to receive pairs of white gloves in recognition of the absence of crime in the Principality. Would rural Wales be paganized by disestablishment? If not, why should rural England be?

"Another point in relation to our agricultural population must have been recently suggested to many of your readers. For generations they have been legally committed to the oversight of the country parsons—the 'educated gentlemen' of the district. The peasantry are now enfranchised, and what is the apparent result? From nearly every county comes the news that they are not only going to support the Liberal party, but that disestablishment is the first article of their creed. This remarkable phenomenon admits of various explanations. One can be given in the words of the Rev. C. W. Stubbs, vicar of Grandborough, Bucks. 'That, as a body,' he says in his 'Village Politics,' 'the country clergy have been

benevolent, kindly, and charitable, goes, of course, without saying. Their philanthropic intentions have been for the most part admirable. Coal clubs, blankets, tracts, soup, castor oil, doles of all kinds—these have been given with a free hand. But what has been the net result? I confess myself to some embarrassment when I am asked by Joseph Arch this question: 'You clergy of the Established Church have had the agricultural laborers in hand at any rate for 300 years, to do pretty much what you liked with, and what have you made of them?' Until quite lately could the answer be anything but this—'A class of men the stolid helplessness of whose ignorance has become proverbial'?"

The worst of this terrible indictment is that it is every word true. The connection of the Church with the State in England has produced a body of clergy who have never been equalled in any country, taken as a whole, for culture, learning, and social gifts and graces. But as the agents for the diffusion of religion and morality among the poor, or for the reconciliation of religion with social and political progress, they have succeeded no better than, if so well as, the Catholic clergy of the Continent.

That the Church will be disestablished by the coming Parliament is, however, very unlikely. It has a powerful hold on the affections of the aristocracy and of the upper middle class. It is, in the minds, too, of a very large body of by no means religious Englishmen, identified, in a manner which most of them would have some difficulty in explaining, with the story of English greatness and glory. And though last not least, the Church is one of the richest corporations in the world, and will have on its side, against any attempt to divert its revenues from their present uses, all that deep-rooted respect for vested interests which has been so great a power in English politics, and will probably outlive a good many years of the most Radical legislation.

HUNTERS AND TROTTERS.

THE horse show which deservedly attracted so much attention last week in this city, has furnished a sort of battle-ground between what we may call two somewhat opposing horse-ideals, the English and the American. The show was got up and is managed in the main by gentlemen who have acquired English tastes about the horse and his uses, and there have consequently been numerous and often somewhat bitter complaints about the greater encouragement given by the distribution of the prizes to the English than the American type of horse—or, to put it concisely, by the preference shown for "the hunter" over "the trotter." It is said, and with a certain show of reason, that the trotter is the true American horse; that he is one of the glories of the country, and the object of intense popular admiration everywhere; that the amount of money invested in him is enormous, and that he is not only American but *sui generis*. The horses of no other nation can compete with him at all in his own peculiar work. In fact, he may, not inaccurately, be called altogether a new type of horse, and, in any horse show held on American soil, ought to be the first object of attention.

The hunter, on the other hand, it is said, is an animal which in this country numbers about 1 to every 1,000 of the trotter, and displays his excellence only in a sport indulged in by a few dozen persons of foreign tastes,

which the mass of the community look on as ridiculous, while the trotter is seen on every road, and is the pride and delight of every village, and may be and is owned and enjoyed by tens of thousands who could no more "ride to hounds" than perform on the tight-rope.

The truth of the matter, however, as is so often the case, lies between these two views. The trotter, dear as he is to the American heart, and much pleasure as he gives, and enormous as are the sums expended on him, is really a less useful animal than the hunter. The enormous rewards which the national taste has offered during the last fifty years for breeding him, have really done a great deal to leave us worse provided with light-draught animals than any country in the world. The effect of the cultivation of the trotter on the American working horse has been very like what the effect of racing two year-olds would have been in England had it not been neutralized by the demand for hunters. Our pleasure carriages all over the country, when we leave the light wagon, are horsed by animals not up to their weight, either in size or bone—an evil which is aggravated by the heaviness of the roads. In some parts of the country, New England, for instance, where double teams are rare, nothing is often more painful than the smallness and lightness of "the family horse," compared to the size of the "carryall," filled with the family, which he has to draw. Until a very recent period nearly every American horse, sold for light draught at a moderate price, was simply a horse which had failed to develop trotting speed; and as trotting speed was often found in very unpromising frames, and sometimes without any pedigree, breeding for points was very little attended to by the farmers who raise most of our horses. Then, too, it must be remembered that capacity to trot one or two miles as fast as an express train, curious and interesting as it is, is really no more useful to the public which does not own trotting horses, or go to see trotting matches, than the capacity to gallop a mile in a minute and a half in a flat race—that is, it is only useful so far as it keeps up the popular interest in horses, and causes breeders to produce horses which will have some of the qualities of great trotters. A trotting race, viewed from the utilitarian point of view, is not one whit more respectable than a fox hunt. One is, like the other, an amusement, and, as an amusement, has no advantage over the other except in amusing greater numbers.

Indeed, those who wish to see the breed of American horses improved for the ordinary uses of life, and especially for light draught, ought rather to encourage hunters than depreciate them. The American horse world is, in other words, far more in need of the hunter type to-day than the trotting type. The English are much more indebted to hunting for their good carriage horses than they are to racing. The excellence of a hunter consists in his ability to "jump, gallop, and stay," or, in other words, in great power of limb and great endurance and courage. To breed good hunters is to develop these qualities, and they are the qualities that make the best horse for harness as well as for the saddle. That they are

used by a small set of pleasure-loving young people in this country to enable them to engage in an amusement which the public considers ridiculous, does not lessen their value. If it in any degree fosters breeding for bone, and muscle, and short backs, and short legs, it does good service, considering the enormous encouragement which the trotting course gives to the "rangy," long-legged small horse which one sees in the light wagons of the sporting men. The hunter type of horse is in fact the most useful in the world for general purposes. It has been developed and is maintained in England by the hunting. On the Continent it receives most of its encouragement from the demand for cavalry horses for the huge armies. In this country it has literally until very recently had no encouragement whatever. We ran entirely to trotters until the importation of the Percherons began. This, however, is the other extreme. It may be said with confidence, either to the American family man who wants a single horse for his rockaway, or the expressman who wants one for his wagon, or the dyspeptic who wants one to shake his liver up in the Park or on the country roads, or the tourist who wants to drive forty miles a day with his wagon among the hills, that a good hunter, which can carry 175 or 200 pounds across country, is the best kind of horse he can buy, and he must not be deterred by hearing that he is "quite English, you know." A good horse is of no country or clime, and is not identified with any form of government.

ENGLAND: STATESMEN ON THE STUMP.

LONDON, October 27, 1885.

GREAT battles now usually begin with what newspaper correspondents call an "artillery duel." Shots are interchanged at long range by the batteries of cannon, before the masses of infantry are moved up toward one another and the shock of encounter arrives. Similarly, our electoral contest here has opened with discharges of heavy shot from leading men on both sides, each answering the other, until the decisive days of polling are at hand. Those days will come about or soon after the 25th of November, lasting on till perhaps the 5th of December. Before the end of November the issue will have been virtually decided, and the curiosity now so intense have received its satisfaction.

The chief speakers on the part of the Ministry have been Lord Salisbury—who is for this purpose much their best man—Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Sir Richard Cross, and Lord Randolph Churchill. The ex-Ministry, now in opposition, have been represented by Lords Hartington, Derby, and Rosebery, Mr. Childers, Sir William Harcourt, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Trevelyan, and, above all, Mr. Chamberlain. For the last three weeks, few days have passed on which the newspapers have not contained at least one or two speeches by these chieftains, while the number of minor combatants is infinite. At present, in every one of our English and Scottish constituencies, over five hundred in number, there are meetings held almost nightly, at which the candidates and their friends harangue the people, whose appetite for speeches does not seem to grow satiate with the abundance provided.

Although the average intelligence and political knowledge of British are still below those of American voters, there is less rhetoric and more reasoning in the election speeches here than seems usual in one of your Presidential or Congressional campaigns. The reasoning may not be good—

very often it is not; but the speaker professes to reason, and seldom appeals, except when some religious question is involved, to the imagination or emotions of his audience. To the reader of the public press, nearly all these harangues are drearily dull; but the masses, enjoying the excitement of an election and the sense of power it brings home to them, flock to the meetings and gladly listen to the same platitudes night after night. There are no brass bands, no banners, no processions; for the two former of these things are forbidden by our election law, and the latter has never come into fashion in England. Hence a meeting is the only means of creating enthusiasm; and in the agricultural districts particularly, where the laborers have never before enjoyed the franchise, we are told that a candidate makes way in pretty exact proportion to the number of small local meetings which he holds. The amount of political education thus given is not to be despised, and patriotic aspirants find therein some consolation for the fatigues they have now to undergo in talking themselves hoarse in small, hot, ill-ventilated rooms, for weeks together. On the other hand, while the number of meetings is three or four times as great as it was thirty years ago, the practice of visiting and soliciting the vote of individual electors is dying out. The constituencies are now so large that it is scarcely possible to canvass personally any large proportion of them, and the candidate's time is deemed to be better spent in helping to organize ward or district committees and in holding evening meetings.

In the main debate between the present Ministry and the Opposition leaders the latter have the advantage of a larger number of well-known names and able orators. The minor members of the Tory Government, persons such as Mr. Chaplin, or even Mr. Stanhope and Sir R. Cross, have no hold at all upon the country, are scantily reported, and produce little impression. They have, however, the advantage of harmony among themselves. Taking their cue from Lord Salisbury, they have all held much the same language. The defence of the Established Church and of religion which depends upon that Church is their first theme; their second, the faults and follies, more often described as crimes, of the Gladstone Cabinet in its Egyptian policy; their third, the denunciation of the revolutionary schemes and methods of the Radicals. Cautious and temperate reforms they do not object to, and you may read many election addresses or speeches of Tory candidates whose language scarcely differs, so far as positive promises go, from that of the moderate Liberals. Indeed, Lord Salisbury's programme, set forth in his first great speech, included most of Mr. Gladstone's proposals, although somewhat reduced in scope. On Ireland Conservative speakers are usually silent, or confine themselves to such safe generalities as that the unity of the British Empire must not be destroyed. Sometimes they take credit for having dropped the Crimes Act, and reproach the Liberals with their coercive legislation. This is the line taken by a few bolder spirits, following the lead of Lord Randolph Churchill. To the great majority it is distasteful. They are secretly ashamed of Lord Randolph's behavior toward the Parnellite party, and would gladly give forth the fervid invectives against sedition and spoliation which sprang formerly to their lips whenever Irish subjects came up. However, the word has gone forth not to quarrel with the Irish Nationalists: it is right in itself, whether or not it is consistent; and it is pretty generally obeyed by Tory speakers great and small. Hence, as the Liberals have also no motive for saying any more about Ireland than they are forced to, and really do not quite know what to say, the whole topic of Ireland figures very little in the oratory

of either side. That the most serious and pressing of all our problems, and the one which foreign nations watch with most curiosity, should be the one least discussed at this great crisis, may seem strange, indeed. But it is true. Every one fears the subject and hates the subject: it is put away by common though tacit consent.

While harmony, at least external harmony, reigns among the Tories, the Liberal ranks are divided by a serious schism. There have always been two wings in that party—an advanced or Radical group, and a moderate (now often called Whig) group. During Mr. Gladstone's late Government the tendencies to disunion were restrained by his authority and popularity, and by the disposition of all sections of the party to fall into line for the sake of supporting its leaders against the attacks of an angry Opposition. Now, however, that the Liberals are out of power the centrifugal forces operate with less restraint. Mr. Chamberlain was the first eminent politician to take the field in this campaign. He has become an extremely telling speaker. Without an imagination or gift of touching the emotions comparable to those of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright, he is not inferior to them in the skill of putting a point clearly and forcibly and popularly, so that it shall come right home to the minds of those who listen or read. In a series of highly finished orations delivered in the south, middle, and north of England, as well as in Scotland, he has unfolded a programme of comprehensive changes which has fascinated the masses, alarmed the timid holders of property, and made himself extremely popular with the more advanced, which is also by far the more numerous section of the Liberal party. He is now the most conspicuous figure in the party after Mr. Gladstone, and in some quarters fully as influential, because he is still in middle life, while the career of the nominal leader cannot be a very long one. Already many of the new candidates are professing their allegiance to him, and commending themselves by the zeal with which they advocate his platform. It goes beyond that set forth by Mr. Gladstone chiefly in two points, viz.: gratuitous education in elementary schools, and the suggestion that local boards should have the power of taking land from its proprietors (possibly at a less price than such land would fetch in open market) for the purpose of letting it out in small allotments to the rural laborers—a class whose condition certainly calls for remedial measures. He has also advocated a graduated income tax and the payment of members of Parliament, but the latter of these proposals has not been pressed, and a graduated succession duty will probably be accepted as a substitute for the former.

The most prominent representative of the other Liberal wing is Lord Hartington, who, as leader of the Liberals in opposition from 1875 till 1880, has been long regarded as Mr. Gladstone's heir apparent in the leadership of the party. He has intimated his dissent from several of Mr. Chamberlain's views, and is indeed so far from being a Radical that many Tories profess to hope he will some day move toward their ranks. Nothing is less likely, for he is a Whig by strong family as well as personal associations, with a hearty dislike of the new Toryism invented by Disraeli, which Lord R. Churchill has been occupied in rehabilitating. A position generally similar to Lord Hartington's is taken up by Lord Derby and Mr. Childers; it is that which most of the upper-class Liberals would like to hold, were they not afraid of being denounced as "weak-kneed." But the most powerful exponent of this more cautious policy is Mr. Goschen. Although his dislike of the extension of the household suffrage to counties prevented him from being in Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet, he has remained a member of the party, usually voting with it,

but exercising an independent and sometimes severe criticism. The powerful election speeches he has been lately delivering have been directed chiefly against Mr. Chamberlain's propositions, which he attacks from the point of view of a cautious economist, not always disapproving the ends which the latter seeks, but doubting the efficacy or condemning the dangers involved in the means toward those ends. Mr. Chamberlain and Sir C. Dilke reply by complaining of such criticism as cold and barren, and intimate that its author can hardly be deemed a Liberal. Thus we see a sort of triangular duel in progress: Lord Salisbury and his friends are firing into Mr. Chamberlain; the latter, while returning their fire, is maintaining a not less warm combat of his own with Mr. Goschen. The great, though dissimilar, powers of these two men, and the probability that if Mr. Gladstone returns to office he will invite both of them to join his Ministry, make their strife, which has been conducted so far without personal acrimony, very interesting. It is the most noticeable feature of the present campaign, and may possibly foreshadow struggles in the next Liberal Cabinet, perhaps to be followed by an open breach in the Liberal party. Impartial observers, while they regret that the Radical leaders should seem unwilling to accept as ally a man so capable as Mr. Goschen and so earnest a reformer in certain directions, declare that the latter would consult his own reputation and strengthen his future if he would put forward positive solutions for the social and moral evils that surround our poorer classes, instead of mainly occupying himself with destructive criticisms of the schemes of others.

It might be concluded from the contents of our newspapers and the multitude of meetings and speeches all over the country, that the nation was in a state of high tension. So far as I can judge this is not the case. The temperature will rise when the day of polling approaches, but I doubt whether even then it will reach that of 1880. In the general election of that year both the people and the candidates were thoroughly excited. The enthusiasm for Mr. Gladstone on the one side, for Lord Beaconsfield on the other, was intense. Great principles were deemed to be at stake. Great and splendid results were anticipated by either side from their victory. Now, although the people flock to meetings and cheer lustily for their chiefs, one can perceive that they are not carried away by any tide of feeling. Many candidates have confessed to me that they found it hard to work themselves up to the point necessary to deliver a passionate declamation, and those particularly who stood in 1880 wish they could recover the *elan* which carried them along in that year. I do not mean that there is apathy, like that which caused the Liberal defeat in 1874. The elections are being well fought on both sides, with organizations more perfect than ever before, with more speaking and less expenditure of money (for our new law against bribery and treating is very stringent), with an interest in the issue on the part of the new voters in the counties, particularly the agricultural laborers, exceeding what had been hoped for. But secret misgivings as to their strength and as to the wisdom of their Irish policy blunt the zeal of the Tories; while the Liberals, remembering the lamentable errors of their Government in Egypt and Sudan, and contrasting the end of this dying Parliament with its beginning, cannot recover the joyous hopefulness of 1880. The appearance in the field of Mr. Gladstone, promised about the 11th of November, may perhaps warm the feelings of friends and foes.

Y.

PRINCE WALDEMAR'S MARRIAGE.

PARIS, October 23, 1885.

WE always feel a little shy about speaking of people whom we are fond of, and whose life has been to a certain extent interwoven with our own; we feel this embarrassment even when we have nothing to say but what is pleasant and agreeable. I am, therefore, obliged to make a certain effort to speak of the marriage of the oldest daughter of the Duc de Chartres with Prince Waldemar of Denmark. I feel, however, a little encouraged by the thought that the Duc de Chartres bears an historic name, that all the papers will be full of the details of this marriage, and that I cannot commit anything approaching an indiscretion in saying a few words on an event which belongs to newspaper notoriety. I feel also encouraged by the remembrance that the Duc de Chartres has only friends in America. He undertook the defence of the American Union, with his brother, the Comte de Paris, and his uncle, the Prince of Joinville, at a time when the cause of the Union was almost despaired of in Europe. He obeyed the chivalrous instincts of his nature in the United States as he did in Italy, when he fought by the side of the French army on the staff of King Victor Emmanuel; as he did afterward, in the unhappy war of 1870, when he rushed first to Paris on the 7th of September, and, not being allowed to remain there by the Government which called itself the Government of the National Defence, he concealed himself, assumed the name of Robert le Fort, made the campaign of France, and deserved to receive the cross of the Legion of Honor from the hands of Gambetta. I hope I shall not be deemed a flatterer if I say that the Duc de Chartres is essentially a chivalrous character. It seems as if all the chivalrous traits of his family had, by a sort of selection, concentrated in him; he is ardent in patriotism, in friendship, generous, open-hearted. When Marseilles was in terror, during the last visitation of the cholera, he left Paris, went to Marseilles, entered every hospital, comforted the dying and the living.

His character belongs to the public, and I only repeat here what everybody knows. I will only say a few words of his wife, the Duchess, who is the daughter of the Prince de Joinville. She is a devoted wife, a devoted mother, a devoted friend; she never allowed her personal sentiments to stand between her husband and his natural or even self-imposed duties. She has been well rewarded in her children. The eldest daughter, who was married yesterday to Prince Waldemar of Denmark, has all the animation and spirit of her father, softened by the grace and dignity of her mother.

This marriage was interesting in many respects. The Orleans family had not for a long time formed new ties with the royal families of Europe. It stood a little isolated, having none of the advantages of a reigning dynasty, and preserving its high position among the royal families by the mere force of tradition, as well as by the excellence of its members. As Prince Waldemar is only a cadet, he had to find his bride in her own country, and therefore the marriage had to take place in republican France. The reception given some time ago to the King of Spain in Paris has not been yet forgotten, and, though it is certain to me that on an occasion like this the French Radicals would have remained quiet, and would not have tried to make any scandalous demonstration, the diplomatic world became uneasy, and some of those who would have liked to assist at the ceremony at Eu were prevented, and followed the old proverb: "In doubt, abstain." The young Prince of Denmark is connected with the greatest houses of Europe—with England, with Russia. One of his sisters is the Princess

of Wales, another is the Empress of Russia; one of his brothers is on the throne of Greece; one of his sisters is married to the Duke of Cumberland. It was expected that the Empress of Russia would come to Eu, but at the last moment she could not make the journey. Russia was represented by the Grand Duke Alexis, a brother of the Emperor; the King of the Belgians, an uncle of the young Princess, did not come in person, and sent his brother, the Comte de Flandres. The father of Prince Waldemar, the King of Denmark, did not come in person, as there is at the present moment a Parliamentary crisis in his kingdom; but the Queen of Denmark came. She wanted to attend her son's marriage, and she was, in fact, the only crowned head present at the ceremony. The Prince and Princess of Wales also went to Eu with their children. The Prince is very popular in France and often comes to Paris, though not as often as in old times.

The marriage was interesting in another respect: it was a marriage between a Catholic Princess and a Protestant Prince. These mixed marriages, as they are called in France, have never been favored by the Catholic Church. When Louis Philippe was on the throne, his son, the Duke of Orleans, married a Protestant Princess, Helen of Mecklenburg; but Louis Philippe was a liberal: his régime represented the principles of complete political and civil liberty. The Catholic Church regarded the marriage of the Duke of Orleans with great repugnance; it has always tried to establish the principle that the marriage ceremony could not be celebrated in the Catholic rite if there was not a written promise, signed by the husband and the wife, that the children born of the union should be brought up in the Catholic faith. This obligation has, to my knowledge, hindered many mixed marriages, as many people are unwilling to make such a solemn promise, and to take an engagement concerning unborn children. The rule is at variance with the tradition of the beginning of the century: from 1800 to 1848 there was no promise made in writing concerning the future children, and it was generally accepted by all parties that the sons should have the religion of the father, the daughters the religion of the mother. To give an example: the Duc de Broglie married the daughter of Mme. de Staël; his sons, the present Duc de Broglie and the Abbé de Broglie, are Catholics; his daughter, who died a few years ago, Mme. d'Haussonville, was a Protestant, and remained a Protestant to the end of her life. She was married to M. d'Haussonville, who was Catholic; his son, the present Comte d'Haussonville, is Catholic; his daughter was educated in the Protestant religion, and was even for some time among the Protestant *diaconesses* (the name assumed by certain Protestant ladies who do not marry, and who devote themselves to good works).

It is rather singular that the Catholic Church became much more exacting, in this question of the mixed marriages, after the Revolution of 1848. The Second Empire, though it did much indirectly against the temporal power of the Papacy, favored all the enterprises of the Church inside of France; and among these, the abandonment of a tradition which gave to the sons the religion of the fathers, to the daughters the religion of the mothers. It allowed the establishment of the custom which now prevails, and which exacts a promise from both parents to have the children educated in the Catholic religion. A prince of Denmark, belonging to the Lutheran Church, could not, by the laws of the kingdom, educate his sons in any other but the Lutheran Church, without cutting himself and his sons off from the line of the succession. Prince Waldemar could make no promises contrary to the Constitution of the country which

is under the sceptre of his father. A negotiation was opened with the Vatican on the occasion of the marriage of Princess Mary of Orleans with Prince Waldemar, through the natural channel of the Archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur Guibert, who entered upon it in a large and liberal spirit. The Pope, who has shown, since his accession to the throne of Saint Peter, great moderation of character, and who has done so much in various countries to make the relations of Church and State easier, responded readily to this spirit; and the negotiation ended with a tacit convention, in virtue of which, though the sons of Prince Waldemar would be Protestants, the Catholic Church would celebrate the marriage ceremony.

There were, in consequence, two marriage ceremonies celebrated yesterday at the Château d'Eu: the Catholic ceremony in the private chapel of the castle, the Lutheran ceremony in a drawing-room prepared for the occasion. I am sorry not to understand Danish, for the Danish parson must have been very eloquent, judging from the tears which were shed by the Queen of Denmark, and even by the young bridegroom. The Catholic ceremony was performed by Monseigneur d'Hulst, a friend of the Orleans family, the son of one of the ladies-in-waiting of Queen Marie Amélie. I leave it to the newspapers to describe the procession of the princes, who went first to the chapel, then to the Lutheran oratorio; the brilliant array of uniforms and of dresses in the long gallery which stretches between these two places. After the religious ceremonies, all the company went to three banqueting halls. There was a large table for the princes and princesses, who were, I believe, 37 in number: there were in all 150 people seated at table. The young bride made afterward what is called the *cercle*: she joined all the guests in the long gallery. She was very charming in her wedding gown, trembling with a natural emotion at the idea of leaving her family. She had a kind word for every one; she kissed all the ladies, and allowed all the gentlemen to kiss her hand. And then she disappeared, followed by the warmest wishes of all those who were present.

ART NOTES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, October 22.

THE dead season for the public is here the producing season in art, and hundreds of uneasy ambitions are now straining their efforts for great effects to be admired and judged in the coming displays. This work-a-day term is not without its minor exhibitions, which have their interest for those who want to be beforehand with the verdict of the morrow, and study the promise of youthful talents in the bud. Last week the landscapists of the future, lads of great expectation from some forty French departments, competed for the Troyon prize. Constant Troyon, an unhappy, grudging, and miserable spirit, left his savings ostensibly for the rescue of worthy young animal-painters from misery, but really to secure the resonance of his own name through the time to come, and avenge the neglect of the first half of his artistic career. The style he invented—that is to say, animal art considered not anatomically, but in combination with the most advanced ideas of *plein-air* and landscape environment—is understood to be the guiding influence in the works to be judged, and the young man most hopeful of the Troyon purse is he who can most successfully subdue his love of animals and consider them as atmospheric “effects” or “envelopments.” Accordingly there was but little menagerie-study or comparative osteology in the forty-four fables we have just been contemplating in the pavilion Decaen of the Institut. The subject was the Wolf and the Lamb. The art of young men, even their sincerest nature-

study, is generally frank reminiscence, and thus in the two-score canvases, each four feet high, which composed the exhibition, we could fairly judge what proportion of the rising young painters adhere to Corot, how many of them emulate the more difficult Rembrandtism of Rousseau, how many affect the emblematic elegance of François, and how many can carry their beliefs away over to the transcendental flatness and stained-glass dissected work of Harpignies and Puvis de Chavannes.

As for the animals, they were either abstract and heraldic, or toylike and stuffy; it was a sign that not one of the essays showed the slightest imitation of Troyon himself. Has his full-bodied Decamps manner of painting ceased to please? We had Egyptian sand ravines, closed in with a threatening monumental Anubis-like wolf, dominating a pale Ammen-like lamb, and very grandiose and fatal-looking, hardly fit to remind Æsop of his native Phrygia; then there was the favorite chalk scenery of the environs of Paris, with lambs drinking fortuitously at gutters in the gypsum quarries; twilight “impressions” among French poplars; rivulets spinning exaggeratedly over concrete rocks, effects of landscape gardening stolen bodily from the Buttes-Chaumont or the cascade in the Bois. On the whole, the American visitor went away with the notion that forty chance students in the United States would have collected an exhibition having fewer affectations and rather deeper perceptions of nature. The No. 42, which obtained the prize, and enabled its author to study for certain years at the expense of the late Troyon, was a tall bower of gray Corot-like saplings, designed from birch trees and colored (to be more fashionable) from water-willows, amid which the real incidents of the subject, the animals and the streamlet, were made as inconspicuous as possible. In no one of the efforts was there the slightest idea of carrying the animal expression out to an amusing and piquant suggestiveness, as Desportes or Oudry would have done in designing a set of La Fontaine tapestries. The picture that got the prize was a landscape showing the side of nature just now in the mode. But the very necessity of the case, in illustrating this class of animal fables, would seem to be to make animals that look as if they could talk and deliver shrewd and concentrated apologue. Is it quite the thing to award prizes to essays which most carefully overlook their own subject?

The system of competition with purses, forming a vast hot-bed apparatus, is an interesting study for strangers in France, because here it is more thoroughly and authoritatively applied than in any other country. The care of the Government is extended to every form of art, and the smallest *rat* of the dancing school feels herself sustained and consecrated by State approval as she kicks up to the high bar or sketches out on her meagre face a convulsive smile under torture. In the fine arts proper the machinery of encouragement and selection is so complete that it applies to the most distant French province, and the remotest corner is fairly constrained to yield up its speck of golden talent to the test, like the sweepings of a goldsmith's floor. M. Kaempfen, Director of the Beaux-Arts, obediently travelled down to Lyons the other day, to confer the prize on young M. Appian, securing to that youth a career in Paris, and afterward perhaps in Rome. Under this form of conscription—“nay, for he saith, compel them to come in”—Paris has become the university city of art that it is, and acquired all the importance of a chief arbiter of taste, besides providing for its opulent commerce in art, its annual export to the tune of millions, and its large home consumption. It is so much forcing and nursery-planting on the part of the nation, rather than any invinci-

ble destiny. Most of the other nations—Italy, Spain, Germany, and the Low Countries—have a greater natural aptitude for art than France. The intellect of this race has never been especially creative: it has always excelled rather in the critical, in refining on the ideas of others, in taste, in elegance in the literal sense of the word. That it has come to be so famous a producer is a kind of forcing of fate, a most frugal and minute improvement of every germ of creative principle produced by the soil. The nineteenth century will maybe never know what it has lost by the mere hap, the mere arbitrary maintenance of the centre of gravity of art in this emphatically temperate zone; whereas, if the preponderance of power had been destined to fall among the warmer and fruitier populations of Italy and Spain, our age might have been designated to future time by art-works of fire and flame. Such as it is, the French nation as an artist shows what can be done by strength of will, as distinct from attribute and genius.

The forcing apparatus is so complete that an inspection turns one giddy. Not to speak just now of picture and sculpture galleries, of weapons at the Artillery and armor at the Invalides, of engravings and coins at the National Library, of furniture and domestic history at Cluny—matters of which there are equivalents in most European capitals—it is well to note the strictly school-room furniture provided for the artist, a kind of assistance which is of no cost, which needs nothing to bring it together but intelligence and appreciation, and which can be cheaply duplicated in newer countries. The collection of plasters at the Beaux-Arts School certainly numbers thousands, and ranges in size from the giant horseman of the Monte Cavallo, and a copy of a corner of the Parthenon, with columns, metopes, triglyphs, and frieze complete—and so tall that a floor of the courtyard has been excavated to receive the base—down to the smallest casts from antique bronzes; and the same institution shelters in its library every authority, every print, every photograph a student can want, with clay models of the extant Roman theatres, circuses, and other important structures. The branch establishment at Rome, the beautiful Medici Villa on the Pincian, also contains a most liberal and judicious selection of casts, ample for all ordinary purposes of study, and really bringing back ancient civilization in quite a freshly convincing manner when seen against the exquisite garden views which fill the windows. For Gothic and Renaissance sculpture, the collection of casts at the Trocadéro is a revelation and almost a satiety; and these, taken with the moulding-room of the Louvre, where an artist can buy any antique for a trifle, form a wealth which simply makes the student a millionaire of ideas, since all that the world knows of is here, and for him it is only to ask and have. What educational duty can be so obvious to the American philanthropist—though this is quite by-the-by to the purpose of the present letter—as the formation of a society for the reduplication of these sets in half-a-dozen centres of the United States, with the understanding that the collections shall be complete, since the lesson lies in the completeness? The opportunity is so pat and so easy—corresponding to what it would be, in literature, if the curiosities of every famous library, Vatican uncials and British Museum illuminations and all, could be cheaply and adequately acquired in facsimile, so as to leave librarians of the New World with nothing to sigh for. Really, there is nothing else to be had for money wherein money goes so far: antique civilization presented entire, in its most easily comprehended form, for a few thousand dollars.

With such prepared food and knowledge made digestible is the student here stuffed, the inten-

tion being that he shall take an invincible bent toward the academic form of art; and the test and outcome is the competition for the Prize of Rome. One would say that the Government had sworn the pupil should never hear of Velasquez, but should be cajoled into thinking the Madonnas of Giddo and the Romans of Hannibal Scratchey to be life's chief boon. The plaster-cast education, admirable and indispensable as a detail, is perhaps made rather too much of a panacea, and finally affects the learner as eel-pasty affected the appetite of a certain historic squire. The modern mind, at all events, is pulling away from the prescribed regimen with all the strength of its growth. The ambitious young artist of nowadays is constantly thinking over his beloved puzzles—landscape environment, how to make your figure proclaim the conditions of the open-air light which plays upon it, the values of objects in half-lights and cross-lights, and other effects demanded by the more subtle curiosity of our time. He accepts the education of the Beaux-Arts School because it is gratuitous, but he is a rebel and a Rousseaulater at heart. In the porch of the School, Ingres, with his Institut uniform and his screed of "Good drawing, the probity of art," affects him with nausea, and, in the lecture-room, Delaroche's hemicycle chills his marrow, while Ingres's "Triumph of Romulus" curdles his blood with disgust. Going thither to hear a lecture of Taine's, I met one of the brightest of the pupils on the bridge, and on being asked if he was not bound to the course on the Philosophy of Aesthetics, he made a *nique* with his fingers and nose for all reply. While pursuing the studies, while being winnowed through a series of tests and moral sieves for admission to the course for the Prize of Rome, and when actually competing in his prison for that prize, and afterward when kicking his heels in the joy of living in Italy at somebody else's expense, the industrious apprentice is a hypocrite and a time-server, angrily cursing the whole bundle of influences that has lashed him into obedience. The end of it is, that he probably does take on more or less of the fashion he deprecates, and becomes for life a mere "Italian"—some kind of a Bouguereau or Cabanel. One of the standard figures of French ridicule is the Prize Student, with all his bubbles pricked, settling down at Nice to give lessons in water-color to English misses.

The late exhibition of works competing for the Prize of Rome betrayed in distinct tints the anomaly just pointed out. The Government in these affairs resembles the English tutor in "Lakmé": "When I undertook to form these children I was told to be apprehensive: I am paid to be apprehensive; I am apprehensive." The young French pupil, rejoicing in all his colossal ignorance of ancient history, is made to paint antique Romans, extracted from the historian whom he calls, as De Quincey instructs us, Teet Leevy; these Romans, by the way, are to be made to look as much like Greeks as possible, and if the composition bears some general resemblance to an Egyptian relief it is the more likely to get the prize. Every sentiment of out-of-doors, the trembling of outlines in the mist, the tossing of the breeze, the trembling of the light, is to be excluded—these dangerous realities might lead to Corot and Millet, if not to Manet. It is a great day, the prime event of the dead season, when the ten pupils are delivered from their prisons, and the fruit of their seventy days' seclusion comes to judgment.

I had lately the curiosity to inspect these cells, where the competitors prepare their themes in seclusion; a set of cloisters completely unknown to the public, and quite inaccessible except to pupils of the school. They form a row in the southern wing of the Beaux-Arts Palace, remote from the river-side and from the school-rooms.

A guardian, sitting on the steps, was peaceably feeding a nest of young sparrows, his cares being over in the completion of the course for the year. When in function it is his duty to search the pupils as they enter or leave, to see that they carry in no privately-prepared life-studies, and to prevent all possibility of their spying on each other's work. The rooms, resembling the dormitories of a convent, are bleak in the extreme: mere closets, stone-paved, with a chair and an easel for all furniture, and each provided with a common window which affords none of the convenience of an ordinary studio light. The walls of the corridor are scrawled with painted or charcoal sketches, contributed by successive dynasties of pupils in the leisure of luncheon-time; there is at present noticeable a clever sketch by Courtois, and several dashes by appreciative friends at the tempting Aztec profile of Rochegrosse, whose "Andromache" and "Jacquerie" have now raised him to the first rank of modern promise. The competition brings together youths from every section of the country, and it is strange if there are not found among the pupils types of the best kinds of picturesqueness now left in Europe, from woolly Gascons and Auvergnats to yellow-haired Normans whose ancestors were Vikings. These specimens of the elect, each the hope of his village, have been tried out by many a fierce struggle before being admitted to endeavor for the Prize of Rome. Academic drawings in the evening classes, academic paintings under the day-professor, groups sketched from dictated historical subjects; and the readiness of the pupil at historical grouping must be proved by the very conditions of the great trial, which demand an impromptu sketch, thrown off on a paper without assistance from models, to be the basis of the painting put into competition. These sketches were each exhibited under the proper painting, on the exposure of the prize-themes. They are more summary than one would expect them to be, being the merest diagrams; but they fix the arrangement of the composition, no change being allowed in the cast of the figures or their relative position, though the action of a leg or an arm may be altered without blame.

This year's exhibition of subjects for the Prize of Rome was more conspicuous than usual for the desperate endeavor of some of the students to protest against academic art as such, and to bring in impressionist painting by the head and shoulders. The real sympathy of the artist, if his knitted jacket could be unbuttoned and his heart laid bare, would be found to be for lines of art quite inadmissible in the illustration of Teet Leevy or Plutarch. What he really would enjoy competing for would be something like the humble prize of Troyon, above described, or like the D'Attainville prize for classical landscape, for which M. Buffet has just (October 21) successfully tried, with its benefit of 2,100 francs. But the Roman prize overshadows all others, with its governmental sanction, its fame and publicity, and its four years' privilege of liberty and travel. The subject this year was Themistocles taking refuge with Admetus, a composition requiring four figures; the last I saw competed for, Oedipus at Colonus, also required four personages, and the pay of that many models out of the poor students' allowance. What was curious was the determined manifestation by several of the pupils of principles outside of academic art. M. Thomas, for instance, was evidently in love with Japanese art; he arranged a sunny out-of-window kind of vista, for which he could have got no warrant in the narrow casement of his prison, and into this he painted a fancy of Japanese plum-blossoms and the like, arranging his figures as a frame around this decoration, wherever they would go in easiest and not make any noise.

He got a second prize for his pains, which included a purse of a thousand francs, derived from the Cambacérés foundation. M. Tollet, enamored of the cave-light affected by the painter Henner, a heresy very distasteful to the Academicians, used this trick as nearly as he could remember it for two of his figures, but at that point his recollections failed him, and he painted the other two persons in ordinary daylight. He was indulged, after all, with a third prize. The lucky man of the year, M. Axetelle, pupil of Gérôme, was the most entirely devoid of originality, and the most completely bathed in sophomore erudition, of all of them; in addition to his official first prize and purse, he benefits by an annual gift of three thousand francs, a fourth of the foundation created by Mme. Leprince. The remaining seven canvases were very much alike—groups that would have been praised by David and Benjamin West, feebly accentuated with bric-à-brac out of the museums of antique bronzes. Such were the features of a competition at which every art-student in France laughs in the irritation of an uneasy scepticism, and to which in due time he presents himself with a beating heart. It ought at least to be granted that the prize founded by Colbert and Louis XIV., if it fails to create genius and sometimes throttles it, is useful in keeping down insanities, and holding art to its grammar and its eternal intelligibility and reasonableness. Where would painting go to if it quite forgot its classical derivation, and if its Olympic races were governed by the Manets and the Courbets?

In nothing, by the way, is the classical direction of art more justified than by ceiling decorations and other kinds of mural painting, in which France seems at present to hold the lead uncontestedly. The ceiling of the public crush-room of the French Theatre, just painted by young Guillaume Dubufe, is an illustration. Nothing has yet been found to combine so well with architecture as the classically treated form of allegorical art. I have seen in California a splendid dining-room of which the panels were decorated with thunderstorms and mountain landscapes; but, though they were executed by an artist of talent, Thomas Hill, they only succeeded in giving everybody colds and suggesting draughts. The ease and grace of French wall-decorators, even when they are second-class men, are incontestable in the specialty. The most perfect piece of daring in this line is the ceiling of the Eden Theatre, where clowns, circus-queens, and ballet-dancers are careering with an audacity mixed with elegance that has certainly not been surpassed since the plays of Aristophanes. Only a century where frivolity is raised to an art and analyzed into a science could produce a masterly cobweb of this description, wherein nonsense is sternly divested of its impertinences and reduced to its eternal and delicious laws. Dubufe's ceiling shows a cloud of shadowy spirits supporting the night-world, over which rises the naked form of Truth; Comedy and Tragedy, as little mischievous spirits, are pulling back her veil, Tragedy being armed with a stage dagger and Comedy bearing a ball-room mask. Two modern ladies lean on a railing and look up at the vision. The composition, without any deep merits, is completely decorative and satisfactory. And it is the direct outcome, to specify one of its qualities, of the system of plaster casts and antique documents and themes of Greek art which is here dinned into everybody's head with all the emphasis of governmental authority. The artist was steeped in official classicism long before he was born, being the outcome of a dynasty of painters of the elegant and the ornamental; his father, Édouard, was the painter of the "Prodigal Son," owned by Mr. A. T. Stewart and burned in America; his grandfather, Claude

painted nymphs and odalisques. This ceiling is the last present made to his audiences by the painter director of the Français, the late M. Perrin; in 1879 he conferred on them the painting of the theatre ceiling proper, by Mazerolle, representing the principal groups and situations of the old French drama.

E. S.

Correspondence.

PROTECTION OF THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A recent visit to the Yosemite Valley enables me to corroborate the testimony of Mr. Edwards, in the *Nation* of October 8, concerning the condition of the country surrounding the valley. If more authoritative testimony were needed, it is presented, in an official manner, by the Yosemite Valley Commissioners in their report for 1883-84, which gives a detailed description of the devastation now going on in that region, and illustrates, in a forcible manner, how much more promptly members of Congress will respond to a personal appeal in favor of a private interest than they will to the request of a State or community to be protected against the encroachments of lawless invaders.

Permit me to make a single extract from the report of Mr. W. H. Hall, State Engineer, of May 20, 1882:

"If it be asked, What is necessary to preserve the Yosemite Valley property from deterioration? we have these answers:

"First. The control of the mountain watershed tributary to the valley streams, to prevent the destruction of timber and vegetation generally thereon.

"Second. The regulation of the use of the floor of the valley and its immediate surroundings, in order that the verdure be not altogether trampled out of existence, or useful vegetation supplanted by that less desirable but more able to resist the influences of civilized occupancy.

"Third. The counteracting of natural deteriorative action to be found in the movement of its waters: the 'improvement' of its streams.

"The Yosemite Grant does not cover nearly all the watershed of the valley, but, on the contrary, while according to the terms of the grant it extends to a line drawn around the valley at an average distance of one mile from its edge, the real mountain basins from which drain the waters that constitute to most people the great charm of the place, are altogether outside of the grant, and the rim of high land contained within it is composed, for the most part, of rocky slopes that incline directly into the valley, or to its walls, and not to the cañons and higher valleys from which issue the waters of the falls.

"According to the best information available at this time, the entire watershed area of the Merced River, inclusive of the grant with the valley, east of a line drawn from ridge to ridge, across the gorge, at a point on the spur just below the Cascade Falls, is about 358 square miles; or, in round numbers, 229,000 acres. Only about 30,500 acres of this territory are included in the grant as it now exists, leaving 198,500 acres which drain into the valley.

"This watershed line should form the limits of the grant."

That the area covered by the existing Yosemite Park is too small, is further emphasized by the fact that the sheep men are devastating considerable portions of country which one is obliged to traverse in order to get from one point to another within the park itself. In order to reach Cloud's Rest from the Nevada Fall our party had to force its way through an immense herd of sheep.

The remedy for the state of affairs here described is very simple. If Congress will devote a few minutes to the favorable consideration of the question at its next session, there is evidence that the California authorities will complete the work by a forcible ejectment of the invaders.

Very respectfully yours,

I. S.

BERKELEY, CAL., October 29, 1885.

FREE TRADE IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As you will doubtless have observed in the *News and Courier* of yesterday, the friends of "free trade" and "tariff reform" met in Columbia on Saturday to form a State organization. This meeting was called by Col. John J. Dargan, the brother of one of our most intelligent and independent Congressmen. The immediate object of the call, besides organizing a club, was to choose representatives to attend the Tariff Reform Convention, to meet in Chicago next week. The notice of the meeting was brief, and but few of the papers had given it any attention, and as a consequence it was not so numerously attended as could have been desired; but still, a considerable number of prominent gentlemen were present, and many others, including Governor Thompson, Senator Hampton, and Colonel Trenholm, sent in their adhesion to it.

This meeting is the first organization of the kind formed in this State since the war. South Carolina will be remembered as always among the strongest free-trade States prior to the war, and if the attention of the people can be detached from the eternal race question, and led to take an interest in the question of the tariff, I have little doubt she will at no distant day resume her old position, for the interests of a very large majority of her people are still clearly on the side of free trade. It is not to be denied, however, that certain interests in the State are in favor of protection. A few hundred rice-growers in the lower part of the State insist on taxing the millions of rice consumers in the country to the extent of two and a quarter cents per pound for all the rice they eat; and some—though not all—of those engaged in our important "infant industry," cotton manufacturing, are so ignorant as to think they still need protection at home, instead of having the markets of the world thrown open to them. But the question of the tariff not having been an issue before the people, and not having been discussed for so long a time, there is a vast amount of ignorance on the subject. Very few of the people or of our public men have given any attention to it, and consequently their views, even where they have any, are very crude.

The principal discussion in the meeting at Columbia was as to whether the club should be organized as a "Free Trade" or as a "Tariff Reform" Club. Col. Dargan strongly advocated the former, and carried his point. As a matter of policy I am inclined to think this was a mistake, for no doubt many would accept "tariff reform" who either do not believe in absolute free trade, or who do not regard this as a practical question, as we must doubtless continue to levy duties on imports for the sake of Government revenue. I should have been content as a beginning with an organization similar to that recently organized at New Haven by those eminent Connecticut economists, David A. Wells, Prof. Sumner, and others, declaring "in favor of a reform and reduction of our existing tariff, a repeal of our antiquated and absurd navigation laws, and the adoption on the part of the Federal Government of a more liberal commercial policy in its intercourse with foreign nations."

After effecting an organization the meeting selected six delegates to represent this State in the Chicago Convention—among them Colonel Dargan, Colonel Trenholm, Captain Dawson, of the *News and Courier*, etc. The State press, like our people, is generally very poorly informed on the question, and but few of the county papers gave any notice of the meeting in Columbia at all. Of the three daily papers published in the State, the *Charleston News and Courier*, the *Columbia Register*, and the *Greenville News*, the two former heartily and strongly advocate the move-

ment, and were both represented in the meeting at Columbia. The *Greenville News*, too, pretends to favor the movement, but at the same time advocates Mr. Blaine's silly idea of dividing the revenue obtained from liquors and tobacco among the States according to population. So its support or opposition will not amount to much.

R. O. D.

NEWBERRY, S. C., November 3, 1885.

THE CANON OF CRITICISM FOR "BOOKS" AND FOR "LITERATURE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an appreciative review of an *Atlantic* essay on "Principles of Criticism," in the *Nation* for October 29, the doubt is suggested whether "ordinary literature" submits itself to the test proposed, namely, the amount of permanent contribution made by a given work to the reader's intellectual life from the intellectual life of the writer. And the fear is expressed that "the acceptance of the canon would involve an unfortunate limitation of criticism to an estimate of the worth of the personal element involved." This shrewd suggestion might be made the basis for a very pretty quarrel between the essayist and his friendly reviewer; the more obstinate and sanguinary, because they are both right. It is really only a question of what we mean—exactly—by the terms we use.

To begin with, what is "realism" in writing? If this term signifies the description of things as they are, without the intrusion of self, are not all books of mere fact—the textbook in mathematics, the manual of any natural science, the collection of statistics—products of pure realism? No one would pretend to call these "literature," however; they are "books." The canon of criticism for them covers merely accuracy and clearness in representing the bare fact. The test for literature proper, suggested by the essay referred to, does not fail concerning this field of writing, nor would it tend to let us ignore any corner of it; it simply does not touch it or apply to it at all. When, however, we come to realistic history, or fiction, or poetry (for there is such a thing; Shakspeare's, for instance, who "held the mirror up to nature"), does not this test—of the amount of contribution to the inner life—apply, and all the better the more the given work belongs to literature proper, rather than to the region of books in general? What is the difference between a colored photograph of a scene, and a painting of it, if not something that the artist gives us in addition to the bare fact—something that constitutes it a work of "art"? If any given page from the leader of French realistic fiction differs from a perfectly non-literary and very disagreeable police report (and we would by no means affirm that they all do), is it not by virtue of what the novelist gives us of his self, plus his fact?

But this something is not by any means necessarily the "personal element" as ordinarily understood. It need not be in the least an egotistic intrusion of self. Shakspeare was always realistic, never personal. Yet it was always realistic art, never mere colored photography. That which the writer contributes to us may be only his better eyesight and his better judgment of what to see. Just so far as Shakspeare saw more in the mad old King Lear, and the fool, and the tempest than we should have seen, just so far he imparts to us himself in addition to his picture. Who does not prefer a fine portrait of a friend to a photograph? Yet, one may ask, does not the latter give the fact more exactly as it is? Not so; the "fact" is what our friend really is to us, and this the portrait may give with infinitely more truth than the skewed and staring photograph. His

sight and insight into this is what the artist contributes of himself. Things-in-themselves we do not know, and cannot know, least of all can a camera get at them, or a police report. Things-as-they-seem, superficially, the extremist non-literary realism may give us; but when we require to know things-as-they-are—as they are to us, in all their relations, ordinarily seen, or ordinarily unseen—we go to art, that is (in the case of written products) to literature, either realistic or otherwise. Compare the statistical history of a country in a Government report with the narrative of one of our best and most impersonal historians. In both cases we have the realistic facts, but the historian adds his power and habit of reading between the lines of events, of comprehending what he apprehends, of divining causes and explaining results; and these, or some measure of these, he gives as permanent contributions to our intellectual life.

It is unfortunate that the term "idealism" is set over against "realism," in characterizing literary products. For the word "idealism," being derived from "ideal," carries a certain implication of what is un-real. Whereas, the other school in literature, whatever we may call it—the school that is not commonly called realistic—does not depict what is less real, but rather what is more real, than the scenes of the extreme realist. Which novelist, for example, would give to some visitor from another planet the most real and true understanding of our terrestrial life—Zola or George Eliot?

But the terms of criticism are used so confusedly that one needs to devote every other sentence to definition, in order to discuss these matters. Mr. Howells's style, for instance, is by a recent British critic denominated "unvarnished realism." It is certainly "unvarnished," for textures of so fine a grain need no varnish; but is it realism, in any literal sense? If he were to depict a dinner party, a drawing-room scene, a *l'été-à-l'été* conversation, just as we have them in "real" life—just as we have them ourselves—why go to the expense of buying the book or the magazine? Depend upon it, it is Mr. Howells's dinner-party, or scene, or conversation, that we buy, and not the "real" one of our own. Such writers are realistic only as Shakespeare was so. Selective realists, we might call them; and that is to say, "idealists." For we use this contrasted term as if it came from "idea," instead of "ideal." The extreme realist gives the bare fact; the idealist gives the fact *plus* ideas. Nay more, he *selects* his fact from the mass, under the guidance of ideas—ideas of what is significant and what is wholesome. And this delicate instinct of selection is one of the very most valuable contributions carried over from his intellectual endowment to our own. To take an example in another field of art, are not Mr. Du Maurier's drawings in *Punch* "realistic"? Yet is not he also a selective realist—that is to say, an idea-ist? Contrast his work with a statistical "Jenkins" portrayal of social life, or with a photograph. Yet it is the very *reality* of the *Punch* sketches that gives them their charm.

The truth is, all the best fiction, and the best art of any sort, is realistic; that is to say, it represents to us what is real. It gives us what is universally and always true, and not merely what is locally and temporarily true; and so it furnishes what is more real than the reality—than the reality, that is to say, as our less perfect vision would have seen it. And to such realism the canon certainly applies very well. It furnishes a familiar practical test of the greatness of literary works that is none the worse for being applied more or less unconsciously by all of us. By a wise instinct we rate any book very high when its characters become a permanent addition to our circle of acquaintance, or when the range, depth,

and force of the author's intellect have made permanent accessions to our own. And, on the other hand, those novels, poems, histories, or what not, that strain through the mental tissue and leave no residuum, except perhaps a slight muddy stain, are recognized by that token as being weak and worthless. They may be "idealistic," in the sense of being what our reviewer very righteously resents—the egoistic intrusions of self into matter where it had no business, by some weak person who should have "burned his own smoke"; or they may be "realistic," in the popular sense of being mere unselected fact-photography—some unrelieved jargon of "dialect," perhaps, which seems to be the fashionable mode of "realism" just at present, but which has value (if at all) as philology rather than as literature.

We should be badly off without the books of pure realism, the works that make no pretence of belonging to literature proper. It is of immense importance that when we want a bare fact we should know just where to lay our hands on it. But it is pretty important, too, that when we want a symphony, a poem, a novel, or a philosophical history, we should be able to have *that* lay its hands on us. And one value of the canon of criticism lies in its protecting us against wasting our time on people who have no superiority to us in any single endowment—not even eyesight—and who can, therefore, contribute nothing of lasting value from their intellectual life to ours.

E. R. SILL.

CUYAHOGA FALLS, OHIO, November 4, 1885.

UNBELIEF AT YALE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of November 5, "An Old Graduate" advances as his theory of the cause of the small Freshman Class at Yale the (alleged) growing belief that unbelievers hold prominent positions on the Faculty. It seems to me that both his theory and his argument are radically wrong, and tend to injure the College. Nothing will cause such a belief as he mentions to grow so rapidly as his public assertion in your columns of the general existence of such a belief.

It is difficult to understand how any such impression could have originated or gained currency, since, as a matter of fact, there are not three professed unbelievers on the entire Faculty. But if there were, does "An Old Graduate" make good his assertion that, although their convictions were never so much as hinted to their classes, they would constantly be doing harm to the College? Does any fair-minded person believe the startling assertion—made as if it were an axiom, without need of proof—that unbelief is either a sin or the sign of mental obliquity? Can any one doubt that the day Yale College, or any college, refuses to admit men of genius and learning, reverent men, to her Faculty because their secret convictions are not in accord with those of the majority, that day will ring her death-knell as an instrument of the highest, broadest culture of her students in mind and nature?

It is just such unwise, narrow criticism as that of "An Old Graduate" which is in great part responsible for whatever cloud Yale may at present rest under.

H. R. G.

NEW HAVEN, November 5, 1885.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION AT HARVARD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The implied, if not directly stated, idea, contained in "Alumnus's" letter on "Cause and Effect at Harvard" (*Nation*, Nov. 5th), that little instruction was given in that institution in religion and allied subjects, has caused the present writer to examine the correctness of this statement. Further, he has been led to see how

far similar subjects are taught in the other three leading universities in the country, so far as that can be told by their catalogues.

The announced courses of instruction at Harvard for 1885-86, open to undergraduates, offer eight hours a week throughout the year on the history of religion; twenty-seven hours a week in Metaphysics, of which eleven or more are given to distinctive religious and ethical topics; also seventeen hours a week in the study of the "Semitic" languages, eight at least being devoted to Biblical interpretation and religious history. At least four of the professors giving instruction in the above subjects are clergymen, equally divided between the Baptist and Unitarian denominations. Harvard, then, gives not less than twenty-seven hours a week instruction in exclusively religious and ethical subjects.

The latest catalogue of Yale at my hand is that for 1883-84. At that time there were offered to the undergraduates two terms in the Senior year, devoted to Porter's "Human Intellect," Butler's "Sermons," Hopkins's "Law of Love," Schwegler's "History of Philosophy," Natural Theology and Evidences of Christianity. Time not stated; probably from four to six hours a week. Besides this, two optional exercises a week are announced in Mental and Moral Philosophy during the second term of the Senior year. It is also remarked that instruction is given by President Porter and Professor Ladd in Intellectual Philosophy and Ethics to graduates, but neither courses nor times are specified. Johns Hopkins offers to the undergraduates four hours a week throughout the year in Ethics and Psychology, and to her graduates ten hours a week in the "Semitic" languages, six at least of which are devoted to Biblical interpretation. Two other courses are announced in Akkadian and Sumerian, but no times are given.

The University of Michigan gives two hours a week to New Testament Greek during the first semester; with seven hours during that semester and fourteen hours during the second semester devoted to Metaphysics, four of these hours being apparently given to ethical and religious subjects, but for the second semester only.

After this statement of facts any comment on "Alumnus's" letter would seem unnecessary.

Yours, for truth's sake because it is the truth,
M. E. WADSWORTH.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, November 7, 1885.

MORE TELEPATHY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial on "Telepathic News of Battles" has interested me very much because of a personal experience which happened when I was ten years of age. My father left home one morning with a team and wagon to be gone the whole day. During the afternoon I saw very plainly the horses backing over the bank into a creek, and the escape of my father from danger. The sight was terrible and filled me with foreboding. Late at night father returned and narrated the accident, which had befallen him just as the scene appeared to me. If it were only boyish imagination on my part there are some inquiries which seem pertinent that do not admit of a ready satisfactory answer.

A. H. HARSHAW.

428 W. 58TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Notes.

CUPPLES, UPHAM & Co. publish immediately "Literature," a series of essays on Emerson, Voltaire, Frederick the Great, Albert Dürer, etc., etc., by Herman Grimm, translated by Miss Sarah H. Adams.

'Under the Mendips,' a story by Mrs. Emma Marshall, is announced by E. P. Dutton & Co.

Estes & Lauriat put forth a long list of limited editions of holiday books and standard works elaborately attired: Moore's 'Lalla Rookh,' with 140 photo-etchings, mostly by American designers; Poe's 'Lenore,' in large paper, illustrated by H. Sandham; Keats's 'Eve of St. Agnes,' also in large paper, and illustrated by Edmund H. Garrett; 'American Etchings,' a series of twenty; Duruy's 'History of Rome and the Roman People,' in sixteen sections; Carlyle's works in twenty volumes; Richardson's works in twelve volumes; and George Eliot's works.

One of the same series we can name as already published: 'The Modern Cupid (*En Chemin de fer*),' verses by M. Mounet-Sully, of the Comédie-Française, and illustrations (in varying tints) by Charles Daux. Neither the comedian's stanzas nor their pictorial settings strike a high level of poesy or art, but they accord very well, and these cupids and flower-stalks and birds have a certain Gallic daintiness without profundity. Each photogravure has a sheet and an ocean of margin to itself, and the sixteen or seventeen of them are loosely thrown together in a portfolio. Love, like death, has all seasons for its own, but as a gift 'The Modern Cupid' suggests rather St. Valentine's Day than Christmas. We cannot help contrasting the superficial quality of the verse with Clough's treatment of the same subject in his "Natura Naturans."

Mr. Andrew Lang is preparing the selections from the poems of Scott and Burns for the Parchment Library, for which he has already edited a volume of Poe's poems.

As if to leave nothing of *Lippincott's Magazine* but the name, the January number will show an abandonment of the double column, a large and bold-faced special type, and a changed design for the cover. In this last respect the room for improvement has always been great.

Longman's Magazine, almost the youngest of the popular English monthlies, has been especially hospitable to American authors. The November number contains a paper by Mr. Grant Allen, who is a Canadian by birth; and an admirable short story, "The Stone Dog," one of the best of the recent attempts to reproduce Poe's uncanny effects, by Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, editor of the *Toronto Week*.

It was a curious coincidence, due to the absurd and mischievous condition of our law of copyright, that an English story, 'The Dark House,' by Mr. George Manville Fenn, was published on the same day in New York by two leading houses. Its chief "effect," by the way, is to be found in Mark Twain's 'Adventures of Huckleberry Finn.'

Some months ago we reviewed the revised edition of Labberton's Historical Atlas, published by Townsend MacCoun. We have now a new revision, or rather an edition with very considerable and very valuable additions. In the first place, each map has a page of commentary opposite to it, so that the Atlas can be used by itself as a complete text-book of territorial history. In the next place, there have been added eight historical maps of England (one of which supersedes one in the older edition), mostly founded of course upon Green and Freeman. Thirdly, the table of contents, always excellent, has been improved by the addition of a carefully prepared bibliography to each map, giving review and magazine articles, as well as books. The mistakes that we pointed out in our former notice have been corrected. We regret that the map of the Roman Empire in the century before Christ (No. xv, does not give the precise organization of provinces as they existed, say, at the accession of Augustus, when there were, for example, two

provinces of Spain, while Mauretania and Capadocia, although "vassal states," were not yet incorporated in the Empire. We are sorry, too, that map lii will help to keep up the delusion that the Louisiana purchase extended to the Pacific.

A reprint of several essays in English reviews appears under the title of 'The New Godiva' (Scribner & Welford). One of the essays sets forth the purpose of the "Social Purity Alliance," another urges the importance of the "Association for the Care of Friendless Girls," and the remainder are devoted to kindred subjects. The writer is extremely earnest, and no convictions could be more intense than hers, but her arguments will hardly do more than encourage those already like-minded. To overcome doubt, to win opponents, a great deal more is necessary than mere repetition of moral commonplace, however emphatic the repetition or however true the assertions. An earnestness that constantly runs into extravagance overreaches itself. The writer's own estimate of the importance of the subjects with which she deals should have been enough to put her on her guard. The widest and wisest experience, the deepest study of the history of morals, ought to be the preparation for arguments like these. It is the lack of even the beginnings of these things that makes so much of honest and well-meant effort futile.

Babyhood completes its first volume with the current number. The course which its editors marked out in the beginning has proved entirely successful in producing a highly useful periodical for mothers, in which the practical, as it should, predominates over the theoretical. The literary interest of the magazine has been fully maintained.

Science for November 6 takes up the Burman dispute, and furnishes its public with a map of the possible seat of war.

Book News (Philadelphia: John Wanamaker), an eclectic review of current literature, is publishing portraits of eminent American writers, that for November being Emerson's—a rather favorable specimen of "process" work, and a not unpleasing likeness of the poet in his latter years.

"The Cruise of the *Panda*," by J. S. Bacon, in the *Overland Monthly* for November, recalls a famous trial for piracy in Boston, in 1834, in which the late David Lee Child's sympathies and professional services were enlisted on behalf of the Spaniards implicated.

The block calendars, whose name is now legion, are beginning to appear in force for 1886. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. renew their Emerson calendar, with fresh selections or arrangements, and add a Whitney Calendar in honor of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, the cardboard back being filled with a colored design in reminiscence of Miss Greenaway—four damsels with garlands; but without the customary portrait of the author.

More sober is the decoration of the Louisa M. Alcott Calendar issued by Roberts Bros., Miss Alcott's kindly face being set between a picture of her residence and one of the Concord one-arch bridge.

Another auctioneer has burnt his fingers by playing with a language he did not understand. One in Philadelphia sends out a catalogue under the title 'Bibliotheca Curiosa.' Probably he has somewhere seen the title 'Bibliotheca Curiosomagica,' and, imagining himself at a feast of languages, has made off with one of the scraps.

The Société de l'Histoire du Protestantisme Français has commemorated the two hundredth anniversary of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes by republishing Jean Claude's eloquent 'Plaintes des Protestans, cruellement opprimés dans le royaume de France,' edited by M. Frank Puaux, who has added numerous notes, includ-

ing many hitherto unpublished documents which illustrate and confirm the statements of the great Huguenot preacher. The Society has also published, among other interesting documents bearing upon this event, the *Compte rendu* of the Synod of the Churches of the Desert. It was at first proposed to send delegates to all meetings held in Europe and this country by the descendants of the Huguenot exiles, but the design was abandoned for fear of reviving the old religious animosities. The principal reason, however, was probably that suggested by the *Times*, the necessity of accepting the invitations of the Prussian descendants. These are credited with "intense German sentiments, almost leading to the idea that they have not forgiven France for the crime of her monarch." On the other hand, there are no stronger patriots than the French Protestants, and it was hardly to be expected that they could listen with equanimity to the most guarded reflections made by Germans upon their country. In the great commemorative meeting held in Paris, it was noted that none of the speakers referred in a hostile spirit to the Catholic Church of the present day—a symptom of religious harmony which was also shown in the recent elections, where, in one instance at least, the Protestants voted for a "fervid clerical."

At the public meeting held in London at the Mansion House by the English descendants of the Huguenots, it was voted to strike a commemorative medal, and to raise a fund for the endowment of two scholarships, to be held at the Protestant Theological College of Montauban "by young men of Huguenot parentage, to prepare for the ministry in France."

There will be courses of lectures on railway science (*eisenbahnfachwissenschaftliche Vorlesungen*) in several German universities this winter. In Berlin they are to treat of the Prussian law of railways, and also particularly of their tariffs and management.

In the *Revue Scientifique* for October 24th, M. A. Gervais finishes his account of the conquest of Tonkin, drawn from unpublished documents. From it, says the editor, one can form some idea of the difficulties which have been overcome, the errors which have been made, and, above all, of the grand results which have been obtained. The writer closes with a description of the ceremonies attending the reception of the French envoy by the new King of Annam at Huế. The absolute refusal of the Annamite ministers to submit to a radical change in these ceremonies demanded by the French commander is said to have been the cause of the revolution in that country in July last.

Lossing's 'History of the United States' has been made the basis of an illustrated history in German, edited by Paul Heichen (Leipzig: Albert Unflad; New York: Christern). The issue is complete, or, at the buyer's option, in fortnightly parts. A German translation of Lossing has been on the market for some time in this country.

The death last week in Boston of Mr. John A. Lewis, at the age of sixty-five years, deprived the *Nation* of one of its most valued contributors. He was a native of Plymouth County, Massachusetts, and owed to his birthplace a fondness for and familiarity with the early history of Massachusetts, which made him an authority in many particulars. Practical acquaintance at one time with the art of printing, and a short experience in journalism on the Pacific Coast, directed his antiquarian taste to the collection of early products of the Bay press, and he especially affected (with an intrinsic delight in them) the works of Cotton Mather, of which he accumulated more numerous examples than (so far as we know) are to be found in any other private hands. His researches were restricted and his writing impeded

by steadily failing eyesight, which he bore with remarkable cheerfulness. His learning was cautious but sure, and could be trusted implicitly for its accuracy. Mr. Lewis was a man of great modesty and a most genial disposition, warmly attached to his friends, and drawing them to himself with hooks of steel.

— "E. S." writes us from Washington, November 3, 1885:

"What is the origin of the expression 'bloody shirt' as used in American politics? Léon Foucher, in criticising Guizot's 'Washington,' says: 'It is by spreading out the miseries of the workmen, the bloody shirt of some victim, the humiliation of all, that the people are excited to take arms.' General Cass, in commenting on this ('France, its King, Court, and Government,' pp. 49, 50), adds: 'Most assuredly the Americans did not want a visible signal to push them on; and he who should have displayed a bloody shirt for that purpose would have been followed by the contempt of the spectators and saluted with stones by every idle boy in the streets.'"

— The United States spent in 1884 through the office of the Public Printer close upon \$3,000,000; and yet it is next to impossible for public libraries to get documents that they want very much, though they often get sacks of documents which they do not want. These latter the library and its groaning shelves keep, unless they are duplicates. If they are, it is as hard to get rid of them as it is to get the more desired volumes. They cannot be exchanged (the best resource for the disposal of duplicates), for other librarians say to themselves, Why should I give anything for this when I can get it for nothing by simply asking my Representative for it? They cannot be sold at auction, because the auctioneer says that they will not pay for the cataloguing. Did not Senator Anthony's two thousand volumes of Congressional documents sell for 8 cents a piece? The librarian's conscience will not let him sell them for old paper, and so they accumulate. But now an outlet has been furnished. The Department of the Interior, having very successfully acted as Clearing-house for libraries in the matter of the *Congressional Record*, receiving duplicates from those libraries that had them, and from the stock thus formed supplying deficiencies wherever they existed, has resolved to apply the same system to all public documents. Mr. J. G. Ames, Superintendent of Documents, Interior Department, if informed that any library has duplicates which it is willing to contribute to the common fund, will furnish wrappers which will enable the library to dispatch the volumes free of expense, and if the library will send a list of its wants, he will supply them so far as the volumes in his possession allow. Let every library hasten to assist in this good work.

— The announcement in our last issue concerning the Catalogue of Government Publications just issued from the Government Printing Office, while correct if taken literally, perhaps needs to be supplemented by an account of the origin and nature of the undertaking. It is more than two years since that Congress made the first appropriation for the purpose, and the sum appropriated to date amounts to \$21,300. This sum was to be paid for clerical labor alone, the printing being otherwise provided for. No one will say that the end to be accomplished was not important enough to justify the expenditure of this large sum, provided it could not be done for a less sum; but in view of the fact that the Public Library of Boston prepared, with the greatest care, a similar catalogue many years ago, which has been continued to date, and which the library has repeatedly asked Congress to publish, the redoing of the work seems to have been an altogether unnecessary expense. Many titles found in the Washington libraries are doubtless absent

from the Boston list, but this shows only that a revision of that was desirable. It is worth mention, moreover, that at the time of the first appropriation it was estimated by competent persons in Washington, familiar with the subject and accustomed to similar work, that a (from a bibliographical standpoint) thoroughly acceptable catalogue could be prepared for \$5,000; while the present work, we are informed, is, when so judged, lamentably deficient. But, however imperfect, it will prove of great use, and we advise those of our readers who have the opportunity to secure a copy. We caution them, moreover, that it is the early bird which catches the worm, for there are indications that a "corner" in the work is to be attempted for the benefit of those who have no political connections. The act which authorized the publication modifies, with reference to this work, the general rule relating to Government documents, viz., that any one may order of the public printer, within a specified time, as many copies as he may wish at 110 per cent. of the cost; whereas in the present instance only 500 copies can be so ordered. Further, the rule is suspended which requires a considerable number of copies of each "Congressional" document to be furnished to the Interior Department for gratuitous distribution among public libraries. This last rule is indirectly evaded by providing that this is not to form one of the "Congressional set" of documents. A hundred or more copies were erroneously printed so as to correspond with the Congressional set, but, the error being discovered, those not already disposed of to Congressmen were at once recalled. Congressmen have, however, provided for the distribution of 800 copies on their order by the Interior Department, and thus will be able to favor the smaller libraries at the expense of the greater. The Catalogue is printed in the same style as the *Congressional Record*, and contains 1,392 pages—the index, which may be exhaustive, but which is constructed in a manner by no means convenient for consultation, occupying pages 1245-1392.

— The wonders of the world have become almost commonplaces of popular knowledge, and among the few that remain fabled yet untold the jealously guarded city of Petra has a preëminence both in the danger of its approach and the marvel of its ruins. The story of the picturesque defile in which the city lies, and the strange beauty of the rainbow-hued cliffs in which the temples are cut, have given a fascination to this ancient metropolis of the desert that pertains to half-mythical creations; and it has a peculiar interest as a development of the rock tombs, which makes its structures one of the most attractive episodes in architectural history. Everything yields at last; and now the *Century* opens its new volume with a profusion of photographs and an intelligent sketch about it, by Mr. Wilson, who penetrated to it by a stratagem in 1882. From his graphic account it would seem to have surpassed expectation, and the illustrations, even without the magic of that fantastic coloring, awake a lively curiosity. Besides this, two papers will attract much attention—one a discussion of socialistic tendencies, and the other a plea for a closer union of the Church, in our country. The former is a broad-minded and well-informed article on a matter which presses for most careful thought. In the beginning, perhaps, the author makes too much of the anarchist division of the Socialists, who are at most only guerrillas of the great movement, whose operations may be wanton and savage, but are after all incidental. In the main part of his subject he is not too emphatic, however, and he grasps clearly the obscured characteristic of labor organization as a growing im-

perium in imperio, a voluntary tyranny in the midst of our democracy, using methods which are essentially those of warfare; and while calling attention to this rise of a military system in trades-unionism, he is not less vigorous in his declaration that there is a real injustice at the root of it which must result, through violence or peace, in a readjustment in the industrial organization, probably through the Government's assuming new functions. In the other paper a basis of consolidation for the churches is sought in their dogma, their government, and their ritual. In the first, little encouragement is found; in the second, only an incomplete interpenetration of the same principles; and in the third, a marked gradual approximation to uniformity in the modes of worship. The author expends his energy in urging a more perfect consent in the last field, by adopting formularies for prayer and Scripture reading, and accenting the festivals of the Christian year. The reconciliation of the Protestant churches of America is likely, from the showing of facts here made, to be as constant a subject in the future as that of the Anglican and the Roman Catholic. The subject is, we believe, to be continued. The papers on dogs are renewed in this number, and, in connection with them, in addition to the engravings already mentioned, those by Mr. Gaston Fay call for praise on account of their technical excellence.

— The war paper in this number is an extract from General Grant's forthcoming autobiography, and contains his description of the battle of Chattanooga and the events which immediately preceded it. Like everything written by Grant, it is absolutely clear in narration and simple in style. Some new and very interesting facts are told of the circumstances of Grant's appointment to command the Military Division of the Mississippi, and of his interviews with Mr. Stanton at Indianapolis and Louisville in regard to it. Mr. Stanton's giving him the choice of two orders, one leaving Rosecrans in his command and the other removing him, with Grant's selection of the latter, is a dramatic incident, as characteristic of both men as it is striking. The story of the battle itself can hardly be said to contain anything not in Badeau; but its condensation and its modesty make one wish that all his campaigns may thus be read, free from the extravagant panegyrics, and assertions of more than human wisdom, which disfigure General Badeau's otherwise able volumes. In the "memoranda," General W. F. Smith, who was chief engineer of the army at Chattanooga, takes perhaps unnecessary pains to show the evident incorrectness of Badeau's assertion that the battle was fought exactly as it had been planned. It is better praise of Grant to say that he modified his plan as often and as far as the changing circumstances demanded.

— The Mexican press was filled, during the last summer, with a controversy caused by the revival of some old charges against the honor of Juárez. The accusations were brought, this time, by so respectable an authority as the Italian historian, Cesare Cantù, in his 'History of the Last Thirty Years.' The charges are, briefly, that Juárez obtained his recognition as President from the United States by a promise to cede the State of Sonora, and that he exacted a large ransom from the Emperor of Austria for the body of Maximilian. The Mexican Government has considered the matter serious enough to call for the publication of an official refutation. This has been issued in three languages; and the English edition, 'Juárez and Cesare Cantù,' has come to hand. It is a pamphlet of fifty-five pages, giving a thorough and satisfactory review of the whole case. The calumnies are first traced to

their original sources, which are shown to be prejudiced and untrustworthy, and then their groundlessness is conclusively shown by extracts from the national archives. The truth is, that as the passage of time is giving us the proper perspective, we are seeing more clearly that the figure of Juarez is to be one of the heroic ones of this century. The pamphlet is thickly strewn with typographical errors, misspelled words, and amusing instances of "English as she is wrote." A specimen of the latter is the repeated phrase, "an attenuating circumstance." Nothing of that nature can be urged, we fear, even by the most charitable, for such an extraordinary number of blunders in a Government publication.

—The recent appearance of the concluding parts of Prof. Dr. Reusch's 'Der Index der verbotenen Bücher' completes a work which is a monument of well-directed toil. The infinite capacity for minute detail which we are disposed to regard as a peculiarly German characteristic, has rarely received a more practical demonstration than in these 1,900 large octavo pages, mostly in small type and condensed to the utmost extent. All the precautions which the Latin church has found necessary in order to prevent the faithful from being contaminated by the misuse of the arts of writing and printing, are here set before the student in the most satisfactory manner. The result is such that no one hereafter can seriously investigate the struggles of human intelligence toward development and enlightenment without making abundant use of Doctor Reusch's labors. Many unexpected sidelights are also thrown incidentally on dark corners of literary history, which have interest for the general reader as well as for the special student. It is satisfactory to observe that, so far as the United States is concerned, the Congregation of the Index has been content to rely upon the intelligence of readers, and has not sought to fence them in from forbidden pastures. The only books originating in this country which have been "Indexed" appear to be the pamphlets which were published in Philadelphia in 1822, during the fierce strife over St. Mary's Church between Pastor Hogan and Bishop Conwell, and a Spanish translation of one of Doctor Hollick's notorious books, printed in New York in 1864, presumably for the Central and South American market. This confidence in the robust faith of our Catholics is further manifested in the fact that when in 1876 translations of Professor Draper's 'History of the Conflict between Religion and Science' appeared in Spain and Italy, the public in those countries was protected by promptly placing them in the Index, though the original work has never been so treated here. As the Congregation must necessarily depend upon reports and applications sent to it by the ecclesiastical authorities of distant countries, all this would seem to show that in this country the Church has wisely adopted the Anglo-Saxon aphorism, that error is harmless when truth is left free to combat it.

—When foreign vocalists, on appearing for the first time in an American hall or theatre, sing out of tune, the defect is commonly ascribed to the "nervousness attendant on a first appearance." More commonly, however, it is due to the fact that the standard pitch used by our orchestras is apt to be higher than in foreign cities, though the Philharmonic lowered its pitch a year ago. There is a constant antagonism between vocalists and instrumentalists on this point, the former desiring a high pitch because that adds to the brilliancy of tone, while the singers object to it as involving greater effort and possible injury to the voice. Not only does the pitch vary between different countries, but in the same country, and even city, a common standard is rarely

accepted. Dr. Hanslick, in the *Neue Freie Presse*, gives an amusing illustration of this: On one occasion, in presence of the Austrian Court, two military bands united their forces to play the national hymn; but the result was so ear-splitting that one of the bands had to be commanded to stop. An absolute standard cannot be established, for the pitch of an orchestra is apt to undergo a change even during a single performance, when the instruments become heated. Thus Nake showed, by precise measurement, that during a performance of "Norma" the *a* of that period was raised from 332 to 336 vibrations; and in a modern opera the result would doubtless be greater, at least if the instruments got as warm as the players. But such minor deviations would not be apt to cause trouble if a uniform standard were once generally adopted. France is most fortunate in this respect. In 1858, the French Government, in order to regulate the matter, appointed a commission, including physicists, directors, and eminent composers (Berlioz, Auber, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Thomas, Halévy), who, after taking into account all circumstances of importance, adopted a standard of 870 vibrations for *a*. This was made obligatory by law throughout France, and its advantages were so apparent that many foreign cities, including Berlin, Vienna, Munich, Leipzig, Dresden, Hamburg, Frankfurt, Stuttgart, Milan, Naples, etc., adopted it in course of time. England, which to a native weakness of musical instinct adds a peculiar obstinacy in clinging to antiquated methods and forms, failed to accept the benefits of the diapason normal, thanks largely to the opposition of Michael Costa, though it has been introduced in Covent Garden. Quite recently, following the appeal of the *Zeitschrift für Instrumentenbau*, a number of German musicians signed a petition to Bismarck to make the French pitch obligatory throughout the German empire; and at Vienna there is soon to be an international convention of musicians to discuss the methods of introducing further reforms. The preliminary circular issued in behalf of this Convention leads Dr. Hanslick to suspect that the intention is to advocate a still lower pitch than the French, the so-called Milan or Pythagorean pitch; and he justly opposes this undertaking, not only because vocalists as well as instrumentalists would suffer by having too low a pitch, but because the advantages derived from the wide acceptance of the French system would be jeopardized.

—Advocates of the theory that tobacco is harmless to adults have failed so far to explain away the explicit testimony of the Greely expedition, that those addicted to its use possessed lower powers of resistance and perished sooner than the abstainers; nor have they met the suspicion, suggested by General Grant's death, and rendered plausible by other circumstances, that tobacco is to some extent responsible for the alarming increase of cancer. As compared with most foreign countries, America has hitherto been a paradise for non-smokers, owing to the great deference paid to ladies; yet there is no question that there is everywhere a growing toleration of smoking. In Germany, on the other hand, where the smoker has always been more offensive and ubiquitous than in any other country, noteworthy is the result of a recent dispute between the managers and the passengers of the Berlin-Potsdam railway. To save time and trouble in the rush of business, the railroad officials took off the obligatory cars "for non-smokers," but this caused such a commotion that they were compelled to change their policy and to introduce a few separate coupés "for smokers." Apropos of this fact, the Berlin correspondent of the Cincinnati *Volksblatt* notes various other

symptoms showing that the German non-smoker may hope, in course of time, to secure the privilege of breathing pure air in all public places. In the street cars and omnibuses smoking has been prohibited altogether, and in the minor concert halls it is only allowed on certain evenings, or in certain parts of the hall. He also remarks a large increase in the number of young men who have given up smoking, either from economic, aesthetic, or hygienic motives; and he states the fact, which certainly seems remarkable for Germany, that in his office there are nine non-smokers to three smokers. He further explains a mystery which has puzzled many tourists in Germany—namely, the fact that Americans cannot, for love or money (and cigars are cheap), procure any to suit them. The reason is that the American preference is for a fresh cigar, while the Germans keep theirs for some time before they are considered fit for use. This makes them milder, but Americans, in the opinion of this correspondent, prefer the stronger article, just as they would rather have whiskey than lager.

—Paul Bert is known as a passionate politician, an aggressive orator, a combative statesman, and an iconoclastic reformer, and to some also as the author of scientific works with titles forbidding to the vulgar, such as 'De la Grefle animale,' 'Recherches sur le Mouvement de la Sensative,' or 'La Pression barométrique.' Few, however, on this side of the Atlantic, would expect of him pleasant *causeries*, soft descriptions of scenery and village life, and optimistic tourist observations. A very agreeable medley of all these can be found in his last little volume, containing 'Lettres de Kabylie' and 'La Politique Algérienne' (Paris). The letters, written in April and May last, form the main portion of the volume. The tour described is not the author's first in Algeria. It does not embrace the capital, nor Constantine, Bona, Oran, or other great centres, but is almost completely limited to the land of the Kabyles in the narrow sense, that is, the mountain quadrilateral comprised between Collo and Dellys on the seashore, and Aumale and Sétif in the interior. This magnificent highland territory M. Bert looks upon as the key of Algeria. As long as its intrepid inhabitants—a dense population on fertile slopes or in romantically secluded recesses—remain quietly disposed, France's hold on her greatest colony is safe, "even if the rest . . . were on fire." And the Kabyles can easily be rendered permanently pacific and friendly through equal justice, strict protection of property, rural self-government, the construction of roads and bridges, and the spread of such education as they need. These Berber cultivators of the soil, "sedentary, industrious, . . . monogamous, economic, fond of equality, jealous of municipal liberty," must not be confounded with "the Arab cavaliers, aristocrats dwelling in tents," with whom "they really have nothing in common but sobriety and bravery." M. Bert has a strong dislike for the Arab as an aristocrat and a foe to France. The Kabyle he hopes to see converted into a useful auxiliary at the coming of "the great European war, the necessary war, which everybody expects, hopes for, and dreads." Formerly his hostility was but too often justifiable; he was often designedly driven into insurrection by French commanders greedy of promotion and confiscation. The Republic treats him fairly now, if not yet wisely; and should he, at the wrong moment, rebel, the chastisement must be "terrible," involving "the deportation of entire tribes to the Senegal, or to Guiana"! Thus speaks the enlightened scientist, who can write charming idyllic pages, but confesses himself to be guided solely by the interest of France, "étant

chauvin de . . . nature et peu enclin à l'humanitarisme."

TILDEN'S WRITINGS AND SPEECHES.

The Writings and Speeches of Samuel J. Tilden.
Edited by John Bigelow. 2 vols. Harpers.
1885.

MR. BIGELOW has done his work as editor of Mr. Tilden's state papers—if such is their proper title—very thoroughly. Each document or speech (the series begins as early as 1833, when Jeffersonian Democracy was a living creed, and comes down to these latter days of "Peculation Triumphant," and Electoral Commissions, and other things undreamt of by Silas Wright or Azariah C. Flagg) is introduced by a short note showing the circumstances which led to its composition or delivery; and thus the papers with the notes make a tolerably connected history of the life and times of the subject. The collection will probably become more and more valuable as time goes on. Just now the early papers are too remote from the interests of the day, and the recent ones deal with matters too familiar to every one to attract a great deal of passing attention. It must be said, too, that Mr. Bigelow's zeal has run away with him a little, and led him to speak of Mr. Tilden in a vein of prefatory laudation which is inappropriate. This raises anticipations of a higher degree of enjoyment in the perusal of the volumes than they are actually calculated to produce. We have ourselves always had a high appreciation of Mr. Tilden's intellectual capacity, wisdom in public affairs, and professional skill; but to most of his sincere admirers it must seem a little forced to suggest a comparison between him and La Bruyère and Vauvenargues; or to say, as Mr. Bigelow does:

"While disclaiming on behalf of Mr. Tilden any special pretensions as a man of letters, it would be doing him signal injustice to imply that as great distinctions were not within his reach in the walks of pure literature, if he had chosen to turn his talents in that direction, as have rewarded his exertions as a political leader. No one can run his eyes over the following pages without discerning in them abundant evidence of the rarest literary faculty."

Under ordinary circumstances it would perhaps seem too early during Mr. Tilden's life to attempt an impartial estimate of his public services and position as a statesman; but, on the other hand, his public life has ended, and the passions aroused by his Presidential candidacy have subsided, and most of the facts in the case are already beyond dispute. It is curious to notice, for instance, that even with regard to the dispute that once raged over the question of the credit which belonged to Mr. Tilden for breaking up the Tweed Ring, there is little or no question as to what he actually did. His admirers do not pretend that he did the work which fell to the press, the very courageous and difficult work of arousing public sentiment and promoting investigation; on the other hand, his critics do not deny that he performed, or helped to perform, the invaluable service of preparing the ingenious device by which the cohesive power of the Ring was first broken—the sudden substitution in the Comptroller's office of Mr. A. H. Green for Connolly; nor that it was through his masterly analysis of the Ring bank-accounts that legal evidence against its members was brought within reach. It is surely enough that the credit for these services—and most characteristic pieces of work they were, too—belongs to him; nobody really believes that Mr. Tilden was a leader in the preliminary agitation. A dispute as to the relative importance of his work and that of a newspaper in such a matter is like a dispute as to the relative merits of the early abolitionists who preached the crusade

against slavery when that institution seemed a part of the natural order of things, and the lawyers and statesmen who afterwards guided the country on the road to abolition by legislative paths. Both played their parts and played them well, but their parts are too different to be compared; nor do we believe, now that the fury of the controversy is abated, that any one does think of comparing them. Here, again, the phraseology employed by Mr. Bigelow—especially the implication in the use of the word "storming party"—seems a little extreme. Mr. Tilden has been a great leader in his day, but "storming parties" have not been the sort of operations that he has conducted or for which he was by nature qualified.

Mr. Bigelow calls attention to the extraordinary hold which Mr. Tilden obtained upon the imagination and affections of his party—a hold which was so tenacious that when he came to feel the necessity of retirement, he had considerable difficulty in shaking his party off. But the fact is not so extraordinary when we reflect that the only instance in which the party had secured a victory in twenty-five years had been under his leadership, while his wealth was, in a period like ours of enormous election expenses and campaign funds, calculated to impress the minds of the organizers of conventions in a way that no amount of wisdom, purity, or intrepidity would ever have done. But, whatever the causes, the fact is indisputable; and it has always seemed to us to place Mr. Tilden in a position as a public man which might have taught his most bitter critics the folly of attempting to depreciate him in the eyes of the public by heaping upon him coarse and indiscriminate abuse. The brutality, vulgarity, and irrelevance of these attacks in the case of a distinguished man who never replied to them made them soon seem to his admirers like the barking of curs at the triumph of a hero; and when really serious charges were subsequently raised against his character, his followers found that for a long time they could afford to treat them as merely a new form of vilification.

Fifty years hence, in estimating the character and services of Mr. Tilden, what will be the verdict of posterity? Without attempting to answer this question, we may say that Mr. Bigelow's volumes will afford some of the best material for its solution. A good many of the papers relate to the economical questions which were so prominent in the days of Mr. Tilden's youth, and in which he was especially strong. It was here that he laid the foundation of that mastery of finance and political economy which stood him in such good stead in his later years, when he undertook the difficult task of uniting on a sound financial platform the discordant factions of a party filled with illusions and hallucinations on this subject. It is always necessary to remember that there are two Tildens—the one a publicist and economist, the other a practical politician. In his former capacity he was without a rival. No one had anything to teach him about the science of government, or about what is vaguely termed "business." He was essentially a "business" lawyer—that is, a lawyer with the knowledge of business details and management which few lawyers have; he was, as every one knows, a thorough accountant; while he was as well versed in the theory of economical science as he was in the practice of affairs. He might, however, have been all this and never risen to the height he attained in 1876. It is not simply intellectual greatness or knowledge which commands success in such contests as divide the American people every four years. He was also a master in the art of practical politics as it had been taught him in his youth and as he had practised it throughout his life. He knew how to use men so as to obtain his ends. All great states-

men must have this knowledge; the difference between them, the difference in their characters, is shown in their methods of using their tools. Now it is not unfair to say—and we believe that there is no dispute among candid people about this either—that there were peculiarities in Mr. Tilden's manner of making use of his fellow-creatures which up to a certain point helped him, and beyond that greatly interfered with his success. Without saying that he was fond of intrigue, it can hardly be disputed that both his friends and himself have always regarded finesse as one of his strong points; and while we would not for a moment throw doubts on his moral courage or readiness to sacrifice himself for the sake of principle, this is very different from boldness—and Mr. Tilden was not a bold man. He consequently was inclined to finesse too much; and when the Presidency hung in doubt he finessed so much that he left his own partners in doubt as to what he meant or could or wanted to do—a fault as unpardonable in politics as in cards. He was pitted against bold men who were playing for high stakes, and who won the game the moment they perceived that their adversaries were growing timid and confused. Thus it was that Mr. Tilden lost the prize he had played for so long and patiently—the prize which nine-tenths of the fair-minded people of both parties thought he was honestly entitled to; and thus it was that in the crisis of his life the characteristic vein of character which he displayed so successfully in private affairs, which had proved of such great use to him and the public in his proceedings against the Ring, ended by becoming his stumbling-block, and involved him in irretrievable disaster.

RECENT FRENCH BOOKS.

M. PAUL JANET has published, with additions, under the title of 'Victor Cousin et son œuvre' (Calmann Lévy; Boston: Schoenhof), the interesting series of articles upon his former master and friend which appeared not long ago in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. To these he has added, as an appendix, the article published in the same review in 1867, a few days after the death of Cousin, in which most of the very few personal details contained in the volume are to be found. M. Janet has attempted to present to his readers only the relations which Victor Cousin bore to philosophy, and especially to philosophical study in France, during the first half of the present century; but these relations were so complicated, so changing under the various influences and conditions through which he passed, that the attempt was an unusually difficult one. The result has been a work written with the clearness and simplicity of a master not only of style, but of thought, and full of interest even for the general reader. All those portions which relate to the early philosophical teaching of Cousin, not only in his chair at the Sorbonne, but as *maître de conférences* at the École Normale, are especially new and valuable. It is difficult at the present time to understand the enthusiasm excited in France, and to a certain degree throughout Europe, by the teaching of this young *suppléant*, who at twenty-three took the place of such a man as Royer-Collard in one of the chairs of philosophy at the Sorbonne. In the most direct and striking manner M. Janet has shown that brilliant phase of Cousin's genius which made him for his contemporaries the greatest of modern teachers, the creator of a school of philosophical thought if not of a new philosophy. The influence of Cousin dates from these early years of his teaching, between 1815 and 1820. Then the reactionary course of the Government led first to the suspension of his lectures at the Sorbonne, and, two years later, by the suppression of the

École Normale, to the loss of his place there as *maître de conférences*. In 1828 another political crisis restored him to his chair at the Sorbonne; and that year and the succeeding one, in his famous courses upon the history of philosophy, he obtained his most brilliant successes, and closed his short career of only seven years' duration as a public lecturer. After 1830, as a member of the Government of July, his activity was turned towards the organization of the public teaching of philosophy in France. What M. Janet calls the *grande époque* of his philosophical work closes at about the time of the Revolution of 1848. "Les jeunes générations qui ne savent pas l'histoire" know him only in his later period, after he had corrected and modified his doctrines in the same way that he did his writings, under many complicated influences. M. Janet indicates this with a clearness of insight and a generosity which never fail, even when he sums up in a few forcible sentences the fatal results which followed both for his own fame and for the interests of philosophical study itself. There is necessarily but very little space devoted by M. Janet to Cousin's writings outside of philosophy, but there is no chapter in the book in which his profound and delicate appreciation is shown to greater advantage than in the one entitled "Cousin, littérateur et écrivain." The passion for literature and literary art which took possession of Cousin from the period of his studies upon Pascal, and the influence of this new ardor upon his philosophical writings, is here brought out with fine critical insight. Renan said of him toward the close of his life that he belonged even more to literature than to science. No one has disputed his rank as a great writer; M. Janet says: "Quelques-uns même disent qu'il n'a été que cela." He has certainly shown, however, that if Victor Cousin has invented no new system, created no original doctrine, his services to philosophy place him among its most faithful disciples.

M. Jules Simon has made good use of the forced leisure which his retirement from political life has given him, and has turned his thoughts to academic labors. Not long ago he published 'Une Académie sous le Directoire,' in which he gave the history of the section of the Institut suppressed by Bonaparte and reestablished in 1832 under the ministry of Guizot. Now he gives us the biographies of three of the most eminent members of the section, recently deceased. 'Thiers, Guizot, Rémusat' (Calmann Lévy; Boston: Schoenhof) contains, besides a long preface which is by no means the least interesting part of the book, three historical notices read before the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, at its annual public sessions in 1882, 1883, and 1884. These notices are very different from the eulogiums pronounced by a *récipiendaire* of the French Academy upon his predecessor at his public reception into that body. The Secretary, on whom devolves the duty of preparing one historical notice annually, unlike the new member of the Académie Française, does not have his subject imposed upon him by circumstances, but chooses freely from among the most eminent of the recently deceased members, as his own sympathies and opinions incline him. The historian Mignet, who preceded M. Jules Simon as perpetual Secretary of the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, did not hesitate to omit even so important a man as Michelet. M. Jules Simon was the personal and political friend and associate of both Thiers and Rémusat, and his notices of them are the ardent and sympathetic appreciations of a friend rather than the critical opinions of even an impartial and kindly judge. Political and personal feeling enters less into his account of Guizot, and just so far this is more moderate in tone and nearer the ideal of what such a notice should be. The thread which con-

nects the three notices and gives unity to the volume is the important part played by these eminent men in the political history of the present century. The book is full of information, and, in spite of the author's personal bias, which shows especially in the treatment of the political career of Thiers, it is accurate and valuable.

M. A. de Pontmartin belongs to a class of writers who have been justly called "prophets of the past." He is more Catholic than the Pope, and more Royalist than the King; nor have these tendencies lessened with age. He has just published the sixth series of his 'Souvenirs d'un vieux critique' (Calmann Lévy; Boston: Schoenhof), which is simply a collection of his critical notices of recent books. In articles upon the Duc de Broglie, Louis Veuillot, Camille Rousset, he can freely give vent to his monarchical and religious feelings; while in speaking of Victor Hugo, Edmond About, Richpin, Daudet, and Paul Bourget he takes every opportunity to lay the blame of the corrupt state of letters and manners upon the republican government of France. It is not necessary to agree with M. de Pontmartin to enjoy his writing. He hates all that is new so cordially, and yet, in spite of all, he is so thoroughly modern himself, that the contrast is amusing and instructive. The articles devoted to Sarcey are full of sympathetic admiration; and yet Sarcey, outside of his theatrical criticisms, is one of the bitterest opponents of the party which has M. de Pontmartin's prayers.

The volume of M. Augustin Challamel, 'Souvenirs d'un Hugolâtre' (Jules Lévy; Boston: Schoenhof), looks very uninviting, nor do the contents satisfy the expectations raised by the glaring title. The sub-title, "La Génération de 1830," indicates more truly the nature of the work, which gives the personal recollections of the author, who came in contact with many of the men celebrated in the reign of Louis Philippe, but who has very little to say of Victor Hugo himself. He has some pleasant things to report of his own literary beginnings, but he is very reticent in regard to the genesis and composition of the only work by which he deserves to be classed among French historians, his 'Mémoires du Peuple français,' in eight volumes.

It will not be enough to say of M. Guy de Maupassant that he belongs to the class of writers for whom morality is something that may be neglected. He is not satisfied with ignoring certain rules of action, as M. Bourget does. He deliberately chooses his characters, all his characters and situations, so as to be in complete discord with what to him is the Philistine view of right and wrong. If, therefore, you wish for a novel that will give an ideal picture of anything that is good or noble in man or woman, do not choose one of M. Guy de Maupassant's, especially the last, 'Bel-Ami' (Victor Havard; Boston: Schoenhof). The title suggests the unsavory plot. Bel-Ami is the handsome animal who succeeds in life through the influence of women. The author has surpassed his previous efforts and those of the school to which he belongs, the successors of Flaubert, in the force and intensity with which he presents the exceptional as well as exceptionable phases of life in which this literature delights.

M. Catulle Mendès, in 'La Légende du Parnasse contemporain' (Brussels: Brancart; Boston: Schoenhof), has endeavored to present the rise and progress of a school of French poets, most of whom are still living, who have received the name of *parnassiens*. The author is himself one of the lesser lights of this constellation, which boasts already of two Academicians, Sully Prudhomme and Coppée. After relating the poetical beginnings of the vagabond Glatigny, he passes to his own friends, Léon Dierx, José-

Maria de Herédia, Albert Mérat, and others still less known, giving several of their poems and many of his own. These poets, he tells us, have never aimed at forming a new school of poetry; at the most they are only "un groupe." What he does not tell us is that this group or school, though proceeding directly from Victor Hugo, has made of verse a mere handicraft in which the highest importance is attached to form and sound. Even in the best of them, Sully Prudhomme, there is but a very slender thread of thought. The younger disciples have been devotees of art for art's sake, scorning many things which most people revere and love. These have gloried in the name of *les impassables*. But whether they be called *parnassiens*, *stylistes*, *formistes*, *fantaisistes*, or *impassables*, they have won their place, and now they have their periodicals, their publisher (Lemerre), and even their parodists, who but lately gave them a new name, *les poètes décadents*. All this M. Mendès does not tell us. But he has interesting pages upon their first journal, *La Revue Fantaisiste*, and upon the publication of 'Le Parnasse contemporain' in 1866, a now rare volume of poems in which, by the side of names already celebrated, several poets of the new school first made themselves known, and which was the occasion of designating the whole group as *parnassiens*—a name not very flattering, as the word was never seriously applied to a poet, but has always had and may continue to have only the meaning of poet-aster.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

PLINY'S 'Natural History,' a work remarkable at the time when it was composed, more than eighteen hundred years ago, is to-day a literary fossil, interesting for its record of the myths and errors of that ancient time, full of data for the ethnologist and student of manners, but practically barren for any one seeking information of what we now call natural history. For well-grown youth (if there are any left), who have some knowledge of animals and of comparative history, Mr. John S. White's 'Boys and Girls' Pliny' (Putnam) will have an interest as a presentation of the ignorance of the ancients. The mental confusion which would follow the reading of it by children young enough to take it in earnest, would be pitiable, and it should be kept out of their hands. For adults it presents a literary curiosity, as the learned editor, presumably a "classicist" of the deepest dye, seems to suppose that by a dozen or two of references to Swammerdam and Cuvier (!) he has called attention to "all instances where the author's statements have proved in the light of modern science to be erroneous," "unless evidently preposterous." To make it a complete manual of natural history, doubtless, the publishers have included numerous excellent woodcuts of the reindeer, walrus, sea-elephant, musk-ox, and other animals not known to Pliny or referred to in the text. The make-up of the book is excellent.

'Four Feet, Two Feet, and No Feet; or Furry and Feathery Pets and How They Live,' edited by Laura E. Richards (Boston: Estes & Lauriat), is one of the most attractive books for children which have lately come to our notice. It is crammed with illustrations remarkable for their truthfulness and beauty; and accompanied by short stories, prettily told, and which convey much information about the birds, beasts, and insects whose portraits appear in the cuts. We can heartily recommend it.

A considerable amount of geographical information is given in an attractive form in the 'Boy Travellers in South America,' by Thomas W. Knox (Harpers). Two cousins, accompanied by an uncle, visit most of the countries and large cities

of South America, crossing the continent in doing so twice, descending the Amazon in the one case and going over the pampas in the other. They study up the history of the places they visit, as well as the accounts of other travellers, abstracts of which are given in the form of letters home or in conversations. Much attention is also paid to a description of the natural products of the various countries. The narrative is skilfully interwoven with this solid information, and the book is almost always interesting. Occasionally the author errs in giving unimportant details. He has evidently been careful to get the latest information on the subjects he discusses, and in only one instance have we noted an important omission. In his account of Chimborazo he errs in stating that no one has ever reached the top. Mr. Whymper ascended it twice in 1880. The pictures are mostly good and well illustrate the text. In some cases, however, it would seem as if the text had been written for the pictures. The book would have been far more useful had the author taken the pains to add an index. A table of contents, however full, by no means takes its place.

The same author has adapted the 'Travels of Marco Polo for Boys and Girls' (Putnam). One of the young members of a "Reading and Geographical Society" reads at each meeting one or two chapters of the 'Travels,' and another follows with explanations of obscure passages and additional information in regard to the countries and people described. In this way the greater part of the book is read "with very slight reduction or alteration." The additions to Marco Polo's story are generally well chosen and interesting, but, notwithstanding all Mr. Knox's care, a considerable knowledge of the geography of Asia is absolutely necessary for the understanding of many passages. The illustrations are admirable, with a few exceptions, and give the book a very attractive appearance.

The title of the 'Boy Travellers in Arabia,' by the Rev. Dr. Wise (Phillips & Hunt), is misleading, in that their journey from Aleppo to Bagdad and back by Damascus and Beirut is not in Arabia, but in the Syrian Desert and Mesopotamia. The descriptions of the scenery and the life of the Bedouins are fairly well done, but the author has not been very successful in the arrangement of his materials.

In 'Historic Boys,' by E. S. Brooks (Putnam), there are accounts of incidents in the lives of twelve boys, all of whom were or became monarchs, with the exception of the last, Stephen Van Rensselaer, the Patroon. The most noted are Marcus Aurelius, William the Conqueror, Henry V. of England, Leo X., Louis XIV., and Charles XII. of Sweden. Most of the sketches are interesting, but the author's style is too ambitious and is marred by archaic affectations. With regard to the typography and the beauty of the illustrations, this book deserves high praise.

It is to be regretted that so many books for the young, like those for older readers, should be made up of short disconnected sketches or stories. Little mental effort is required to read them, and the mind passes rapidly from one topic to another entirely different without dwelling at length upon any. There is serious danger that the power of prolonged and concentrated thought will thus be greatly diminished, and that the ability to read a book, in the old and highest sense of the term, will become one of the lost arts. With this reservation we can heartily commend 'Some Noted Princes, Authors, and Statesmen of Our Time,' edited by James Parton (T. Y. Crowell & Co.), consisting of fifty sketches nearly all of which originally appeared in the *Youth's Companion*. Though ostensibly written for the young, we are inclined

to think that these essays may be read with even greater pleasure by the old. Some of them, especially those by Mr. E. P. Whipple on the college days of Macaulay, Prescott, Choate, and Charles Kingsley, are above the heads of all but the most thoughtful of young readers. Canon Farrar writes pleasantly of Dean Stanley and Westminster Abbey and of Disraeli. Especially interesting is the account of Victor Hugo's homes at Guernsey and Paris, and the poet's intense solicitude for his manuscripts. "Tea with Carlyle" is a capital bit of descriptive writing. The accounts of the royal families of England, Denmark, and Bavaria are entertaining, but not of much value. The best paper is on "Dickens with his Children," by Mamie Dickens, his daughter. In so large a collection of articles by different writers there will inevitably be some much inferior to the rest; but the editor has done his work well and has admitted few which have not some merit. He should not have permitted, however, Mr. G. P. Lathrop, in his account of Hawthorne, to put Brunswick on the Penobscot River. The portraits and illustrations are very good.

'Lives of Poor Boys Who Became Famous,' by Sarah K. Bolton (T. Y. Crowell & Co.), consists of twenty-eight short sketches fairly well written, beginning with Geo. Peabody and ending with Lincoln. This well-intentioned and in places stimulating book is marked by several inaccuracies of statement which detract from its merit. It is of no great importance that Joseph Addison, Samuel Johnson, and Garrick did not go to school together, and that Garibaldi was not "born in Southern Italy," and that the date of Gambetta's birth is incorrectly given; but it is important that a writer for boys, as much as a teacher, should be accurate in matters of fact. We suspect that some of our author's youthful readers will experience a different emotion from that intended by the writer when they read that, after Gambetta's death, "fifteen thousand persons called to see the great statesman as he lay upon his single iron bedstead"; and again when, in describing Ole Bull's narrow escape from death while playing, they are told that "he ruptured a blood vessel, and his coat had to be cut from him."

Mr. Edward E. Hale, in his 'Stories of Inventors' (Boston: Roberts Brothers), begins with Archimedes and Friar Bacon, and ends with Nasmyth and Bessemer. His method is to allow the inventors themselves, if possible, to tell their own stories in their own language. With some he has been fairly successful, but with others the materials at his disposal were not so easily used. Much in the account of the steam-engine, for instance, is beyond the intelligence of his readers. There is no harm in this, provided it makes them think; but Mr. Hale would have done better either to have omitted some technical details, or to have greatly simplified his explanations. His chorus of children, who, under the guidance of our old friend, Colonel Ingham, get all the facts from the cyclopedias and biographies, are a very remarkable group, talk familiarly of dividends and Agnostics, and are probably equally conversant with the intricacies of mechanics and chemistry. The account of Goodyear's invention should have been clearer, and a better representative of the inventors of his age than Benvenuto Cellini could, we think, readily have been found.

There is hardly a better class of books for boys and girls to-day than those which awaken a love for nature, and make them long to be in the fields and the woods, on the mountains and by the seashore; which teach them to enjoy, not country sports simply, but life merely in the country. 'Winter Fun' (Scribners) is such a book, and, so far as our experience goes, the au-

thor, Mr. W. O. Stoddard, has never been so successful as in this account of life in a mountain village during the winter season. He writes as if he thoroughly enjoyed the scenes which he pictures, and as if they were chapters from his own experience. His boys, it must be said, have exceptional luck in their hunting, getting a wildcat, several deer, two wolves, and a bear in the course of a single winter. Besides the hunting scenes, there is sleighing, coasting, skating, fishing through the ice, a donation party, and a spelling match. But there is no singing school, we regret to say. If the publishers had put upon the title-page, "Reprinted from *St. Nicholas*," our satisfaction in it would have been complete.

Of a similar character to the preceding is 'Birchwood, by Jak' (T. Y. Crowell & Co.). A city boy hires himself out to a farmer to pick berries, and spends his summer vacation on a farm. With other boys and girls in the neighborhood, he forms a natural-history society. They fit up an old house for their collections of wood, minerals, birds, and insects, and start a library and reading-room. The story is naturally told, and the children whose doings are recorded are thorough boys and girls. We certainly hope that the author will be encouraged to give a further account of the "Riverside Museum" and its founders.

Mrs. Burton Harrison established at one stroke her reputation as a singularly graceful writer for children in her 'Old-Fashioned Fairy-Book' of last season. Her present volume of 'Bric-à-brac Stories' (Scribners) is a virtual continuation of the 'Fairy-Book,' giving, as did that, a new dressing to stories borrowed from all nations. As the title intimates, the ingenious device is adopted of making the various objects in a richly furnished drawing-room on Fifth Avenue relate, to a little boy, tales appropriate to their several nationalities, the Russian samovar leading off. The only fault we have to find with Mrs. Harrison's performance is the melodramatic finale. Mr. Walter Crane furnishes a great number of illustrations in his usual vein.

A large constituency of little people are in debt to Mr. Howard Pyle for his version, literary and pictorial, of 'Robin Hood.' He now appeals afresh to their gratitude with his handsome quarto 'Pepper and Salt, or Seasoning for Young Folk' (Harpers). Like Mrs. Harrison's, Mr. Pyle's invention is confined chiefly to reëditing the stories he takes from standard collections. Some of these he puts in verse, not bad of its kind, yet not remarkable. His designs, however, are quite up to his high level, and are at once humorous and picturesque, and decorative to a degree and with a certainty unrivalled by those of any other illustrator of books in this country. The title-page in red and black is a good example. A closer attention to the distinction between *shall* and *will* is the sole desideratum in this agreeable writer's style.

For a frank imitation of 'Alice in Wonderland,' Mr. Charles E. Carryl's 'Davy and the Goblin' (Ticknor & Co.) is undeniably clever—a remark which might be spared any reader of *St. Nicholas*, in which the story first appeared. The humor and the ingenuity are unflagging, and one only feels that the metamorphoses are rather too rapid. The illustrations are exceptionally good.

Lord Brabourne's 'Friends and Foes from Fairy Land' (Little, Brown & Co.) deals altogether with elves and witches, in three stories of unequal length, but all markedly original in treatment, well sustained in interest, and excellent in style, though there is no condescension to the infant vocabulary. There is true imagination in developing the several characters, whether human or brute, and it is seldom that descriptions of natural scenery are so felicitous without

being labored or conscious. The author's amusement in his own inventions will certainly be shared by his youthful readers. His artistic collaborer, Linley Sambourne, known to all lovers of *Punch*, has a corresponding individuality of conceit and draughtsmanship, and, though he has made but an ugly cover piece, has done much to heighten the attractiveness of the volume.

Mention of Kate Greenaway will serve to characterize the now customary crop of juvenile picture-books consisting of colored prints of little folks, and appropriate verses. There is much that is graceful and feeling in the full-page illustrations by M. E. Edwards in 'Through the Meadows' (E. P. Dutton & Co.), and some of the vignettes in sepia by J. C. Staples can be commended. Mr. Weatherly's serio-comic verses are not remarkable, and their frequent allusions to Mr. Mundella will be quite lost on the American youngster. Both the coloring and the designs in Virginia Gerson's 'Rosebuds' (White, Stokes & Allen) are inferior to those of the foregoing, but now and then there is a bit of cleverness, as on page 28, and some of the ornamental borders show a fair decorative sense. The rhymes are of the nursery order.

GOSSE'S CLASSICAL ENGLISH POETRY.

From Shakespeare to Pope. An Inquiry into the Causes and Phenomena of the Rise of Classical Poetry in England. By Edmund Gosse. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1885.

THE subject-matter of these lectures, which were delivered last year in America, is narrower than the title implies. The discussion does not include the body of English letters between Shakespeare and Pope: it is limited to a single current of the poetic movement, sometimes called the classical from its supposed deference to ancient, and particularly Latin, theory and practice, or more commonly the Queen Anne, from the era of its culmination. Waller, the inventor of the new verse-form, is very fully treated, and Denham, Cowley, and Davenant, who continued it, and a few starveling bards who refused to conform, are also considered more or less thoroughly; but here, too, the author is further restricted, and the completeness of his survey is broken by his previous excursions in the same field, for which he refers to another publication. The scholarship displayed, the comprehensive and minute knowledge of facts, the antiquarian research and patience, are notable characteristics of his labor, and they result in some positive additions to the extensive fund of information in our possession. Investigation, however, has been practically subordinated to a kind of philoepizing, and the work makes its claim on our attention not on the score of its fresh finds of fact so much as on that of new views. The lines of these are simple. Three points are aimed at: that the origin of the school was not French but native; that the body of the literature does not represent a lapse into stupidity, but a reform and advance over barbarism; and that this movement was both necessary and beneficial—"the basis of style, in prose and verse, upon which all more recent literature has been elevated."

These statements have a revolutionary look. The existence of the French influence in our classical period is as firmly established in our conception of that time as that of the Italian or Spanish in other portions of our literary history. The exile of the wits of Charles II. at the French court, the traces of France in the versifiers of the Restoration, and the growing reference to French criticism at the end of the century, give a strong color of truth to the common view. Mr. Gosse himself declares that he should "be sorry to seem to underrate the part taken by France in the development of English classicism." What, then,

is the fact he particularly emphasizes? Merely that Waller had worked in the rhymed pentameter, which does not allow the sense to overflow beyond the couplet, and had brought it to the form in which it was handed on to Dryden, without apparent aid or suggestion from abroad. This was worth bringing out, but its effect on the general view regarding the French influence in the period, as a whole, is slight. Distichs, having the meaning complete within themselves, had been written before Waller; and whether he had the talent to see that here was an undeveloped verse-form, or whether he merely felt it out by virtue of its aptitudes for his own limitations, as proverb rhymers find their measures, he was a lucky discoverer of the use of a common thing. The form had already been made essentially English, never to be confused with a truly adopted one such as the rondeau. What is really important in the accepted opinion is, that the cast of poetic thought in the classical period was in the direction of a logic and intelligence which were characteristic of a literary taste that came over with Charles II. Logic and intelligence are English, too; but the placing them above passion and imagination in the region of poetry seems to have been confirmed by a town predilection which began to rule at that time. Let Waller have all the credit for originating "the square-toed rhyme" out of his unassisted brain; but to emphasize unduly a fact which dates from before Charles I. lost his head, would warp our notions of the character of a long age, and of a literature which summons up the name of Queen Anne.

Mr. Gosse, however, does not rely on this point alone to reduce the tradition of the French influence to humbler pretensions. The invasion of logic and intelligence, he tells us, took place simultaneously throughout the West; it was a movement common to the modern world. In England he refers it to the lassitude following a great age, and to a disgust for the current writings in which, to use his phrase, only the barbarism of the Elizabethan period survived. By dwelling mainly on the rawness of the work which was displaced, he almost strikes out a new way of putting the case. To say that our literary task after Shakespeare was to create a good prose is a commonplace; Mr. Gosse says it was to destroy a bad state of both prose and poetry. It is true that minor literature, meaning by that all except the literature of genius, was in general barbarous until the intellectual age set in. The literary movement after Shakespeare was the reform of this minor literature, of what may be conveniently named bookcraft. So much of truth there is in the dictum that English classicism was not a lapse but an advance. It is not to be allowed, however, that this new rationalism was a reform of the literature of genius itself, of the creations of passion and imagination; it was the abandonment of it. The prose instinct was supreme in the circles which were the nursery of the modern spirit. The poets who were curious about politics, morals, criticism, events, occasions, town and society topics, were smaller men than their Nestors knew—not of the make of the former age—citizens of the world, not children of Parnassus. They took the rhyming distich, of which the limitations were not narrower than those of their own minds; their subjects were to be talked of rather than sung, and professional poetry seized the mould in which verse comes nearest to prose. Poetry, the divine art, suffered; the Muse—*dea incedit*—would not put her feet into the Chinese slippers. But though at the end even the verse which was the bestring of intellectual brilliants, came to naught, the reform of the barbarous common literature was complete: restraint, temperance, conformity were wrought into our bookcraft, and they had come to stay. How much of this change

was merely a part of the evolution of modern taste, and would have taken place at all events, and how much of it was, in the way of history, directly due to the exile and French affinities of the court of Charles II., we cannot delay to inquire. The necessity for reform was English, and perhaps its working out was more an insular matter than has been thought; though in our view the vast weight of French influence is not to be gainsaid because of any evidence in this volume.

The remainder of our space should be occupied with Mr. Gosse's last assertion in regard to the influence of classicism on later times. He says, in words already quoted, that "it supplied that basis of style, in prose and verse, upon which all more recent literature has been elevated"; and he goes on to drive the nail home by adding, "and if we have chosen to cover it up and forget it, and to return in our poetical architecture to selected models from earlier schools, it is not the less due to the labors of Waller, Dryden, and Pope that we have solid groundwork on which to support these brilliant fabrics of the imagination." This seems to mean that the classical movement underlies the romantic period which is not yet at an end. The statement needs explanation. History is consecutive, we know; but Mr. Gosse can hardly be suspected of wishing to convey only the consecutiveness of the ages by his high-keyed sentence. It is conceivable that some reference may be intended to the existence of a cultivated public taste in the audience; but this is hardly likely. The assertion, as we understand it, is that the romanticists are indebted to the classical writers for some undefined training in style. For such a belief there is no ground. The romantic period is as utterly cut off from the classical as was that from the Shaksperian. In no intelligible sense was Burns indebted to Waller, Dryden, and Pope, any more than was Rossetti. "All more recent literature" is a comprehensive phrase. Similarly with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Browning, and Swinburne—the earlier of these came nearest failure whenever they approached the paragons referred to, as did Byron also, and succeeded when they forgot all except the lift of their own lyric song. In other words, while English classicism was a reform in the bookcraft, whether prose or verse, it never affected the literature of genius, of passion and imagination, then nor now. In its own days the muse was with Donne and Herbert and Vaughan, and watched with Milton till song was silent; and when the new age came, it was not the resurrection of dry bones—at least not bones so dry as Waller's. In prose, too, was Bolingbroke the "basis of style" of Carlyle? But there is no need to pursue these queries. The scholarship and faculty of research shown in these lectures merit the highest praise and warmest welcome, but the general views, in which the whole is involved, indicate only a feeble mastery of the nature and influence and sweep of great agencies.

Mr. Gosse might well have called his book 'The Life and Literary Influence of Edmund Waller.' That is its real subject. The biography of this fortunately born poet is fully told, and some of the details of his plot against Parliament are given from unpublished researches by Professor Gardiner. Certain it is that his poetry, once in undisputed "immortal" vogue, will never be revived for his own sake. In a certain shamelessness he will retain preëminence among English poets, unless the oblivion of his works should prove the safety of his character. It is in this part of the field that Mr. Gosse excels—in the portraiture of decayed literary fashions, in æsthetic understanding of a lost taste. His muse, as shown in the opening dedication to

Mr. Howells, is of a modest kind; his attempts in the higher region of "the source and phenomena" of things are too apt to experience the uncertainties of Icarian flights.

Tuscan Cities. By William D. Howells. With illustrations from drawings and etchings by Joseph Pennell and others. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1886.

We have already commented upon these sketches as they have appeared from time to time in the magazine whose pages they have made delightful; and it has been a pleasure to read them once more, and to note the skilful blending of beauty and humor, of romance and history and contemporary progress, of the mediæval and the modern genre, all of which give such propriety to their designation as an Italian "mosaic," whether in Florentine stones or Siennese candy. Mr. Howells is the prince of magazine travellers in Italy. The collection of these papers in a book, however, compels us to take notice of their combined effect; and in this there is a weakness which is indicated above by our restriction of his royal right to the magazine provinces. The fault belongs to his method, and is confessed by the subtitles, which prepare the reader for an incongruous mixture of scene and incident. It is true that thus a sense of the incongruity of Italy is very perfectly given, and the impression which is left on the mind is no more confused than it would actually be in the case of a tourist in his first perplexities. The author does accurately represent the state of mind of an intelligent American under the circumstances, with all his hesitations, his sense of lurking humbug (not to be overcome by his own self-distrust), his acknowledgment of practical discomforts and ever-present comedy, his shy sentiment suffering from frequent betrayal, his temptations to be insincere, and all such qualities. Now, our obvious criticism is that in this book this state of mind is the final one.

There is, perhaps, too much readiness in the suggestion which one cannot help entertaining, that this is a cropping out of the vice inherent in the modern realist's theory of work, or bent of mind, as the case may be. The genius of discrimination is not among the presiding literary deities of the school. Here, in the study of a group of Italian cities, there are many values involved, and they are treated as if equal. The better Italian travellers, those whose pages are most instructive, have reduced their impressions to some sort of order, and have made the reader feel a difference in the worth of the various elements. Mr. Howells pours out his wealth, jewels and pebbles and glass and pinchbeck, all together. This ignoring of any principle of selection, this democratic assumption that one fact is as good as another, this universal suffrage which gives one vote and only one to each impression, is a denial of real inequalities as patent as any in politics, and much harder to defend as a working theory of literature. But we go too far. In the present case there does seem to be a choice exercised in the subjects, and the criterion plainly is what an editor would call freshness. Certain things are left out, or incidentally mentioned, which are leading features, central facts, in the ensemble of Tuscan towns, because they have been over-written, just as the illustrations are noticeable rather for the scenes they avoid than for those they give. This may have been a stringent necessity of trade, but the result of it is that a character of incompleteness is given to a volume which seems to be at first sight a monograph.

These two reservations one is forced to make, on final consideration: one is dissatisfied with the lack of discrimination and with a too exclusive novelty. We could have spared some of the

green paint for a little more of Giotto's Tower and the dingiest and most bewritten of Cimabue's Madonnas would have been quite as welcome to us as the bride blowing her nose on her new-made husband's handkerchief. This discontent, however, is not very deeply seated, and when the author leaves his note-books and breathes the air of the Italy that is dear to him, we are at once transported by his imagination. There are many Italys; each traveller makes one for himself, and that of Mr. Howells is a very charming one, full of passive enjoyments of nature and human nature as they are, and faintly touched with the sentiment of the past. Notwithstanding his strong historical interest, one feels that his horizons are contemporary. His Italy is not the scholar's or the poet's, but the modern tourist's of however high degree; and the tourist has possession of such a multitude of delights there that he cannot fail to please, if he has anything of the *raconteur* in him. Mr. Howells makes the most of these, and his own tolerant amiability under his trials helps to pass off the unpleasant inconveniences of which he keeps the reader mindful. The artists have not succeeded so well. Their work is uneven, inaccurate in effects, not wisely chosen in subject. It is always hard to give Italian life and scenes in black and white, but when the sketches are so ragged, broken, and lean as these, the illustrations become a travesty.

The Tale of Gamelyn. From the Harleian MS. No. 7334, collated with six other MSS. Edited with Notes and a Glossarial Index by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat. Oxford: The Clarendon Press.

In the small compass of sixty-four pages Professor Skeat has given us a very handy edition of the 'Tale of Gamelyn,' which deserved this separate reproduction both from a linguistic and a literary point of view. While it is no longer regarded as written by Chaucer, having been in fact written about the time of Chaucer's birth (1340), it was, doubtless, found by some copyist among his papers, and, if he had lived to complete the 'Canterbury Tales,' we should, in all probability, have had it worked over and put into the mouth of the Yeoman, to whom Urry (1721) would assign it, as does Mr. Skeat also in his Introduction to the 'Prioress's Tale.' The misnomer under which it usually appears, 'The Cokes Tale of Gamelyn,' is due to its position in the MSS., immediately after the imperfect 'Cook's Tale'; but Mr. Skeat says (p. xiv, note) that this title in the best MS., Harleian 7334, from which he prints, "is merely scribbled, as a headline to the pages, in a much later hand than that of the original scribe." From three of the best MSS. of the 'Canterbury Tales,' and one other, it is omitted altogether, though it is found in at least ten MSS. The metre alone is sufficient to warrant its denial to Chaucer, but the language also has a more archaic cast than his, and justifies the earlier date.

Mr. Skeat has provided an excellent Introduction, with notice of the grammar and metre, notes, and a glossary. The Tale belongs to the Robin Hood series, shows close connection with 'A Poem on the Times of Edward II.,' assigned to about 1320, and was written probably not long after the poem. Its language resembles the later writings of Robert of Brunne, and it is a good representative of the East Midland dialect of that period. It has few Scandinavian words—not more than twenty, half of which occur in Chaucer; and not very many Norman-French words—about a hundred and sixty in the 902 lines of the Tale. It is valuable in literature from having supplied the prototype of Lodge's novel, 'Euphues' Golden Legacy,' on which Shak-

spere based his "As You Like It." Mr. Skeat gives a short sketch of the story as it appears in the novel, the latter part of which is unlike the 'Tale of Gamelyn.' All other necessary help in understanding the poem is supplied, and it is needless to add that no knowledge of older English is required to appreciate it thoroughly. The language is no more difficult than that of Chaucer, but it is surprising how many are deterred from reading even his works merely by the appearance of the antique spelling. The book is well edited and will further the study of Middle English.

Paris in Old and Present Times. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Boston: Roberts Bros.

This interesting book is made up of papers contributed to the *Portfolio* by its editor. Paris is so rich in historical association, so full of important buildings, so carefully planned and arranged, so brilliantly decorated, and so perfectly cared for and kept up—in short, is so clearly the nearest approach yet made to the ideal city—that one is never weary of reading about it. Mr. Hamerton knows his Paris well, her history and her aspect, without being so narrow in his exclusive devotion as the pure Paris-lover gets to be, and he is a very observant and sagacious judge of architectural effects, even if a little too catholic. The book is in nearly all respects just what that fortunate person needs who means to reside in Paris a while, with leisure to study it; it can hardly fail to give him generally sound notions of what the famous city has that is most admirable in its external aspects.

And yet we have one exception to take: the author is, as we have said, too catholic. His words of praise for the glittering splendor of the new Paris streets are too nearly of equal value with those he gives to really noble architecture. It is to be feared that he really admires far more than they deserve the façades on the Avenue de l'Opéra, which seems to be his favorite street. He has missed a chance to appraise properly that curious lack of power over details, that disposition to content themselves with few and poor ideas, if only the execution of them is perfect, which marks the Paris-bred architect—the most skilful planner and the best builder of modern times, but a terribly commonplace designer.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Allen, J. G. Topical Studies in American History. Rochester: Scrantom, Wetmore & Co.
 Arnold, Matthew. Dramatic and Later Poems. Macmillan & Co. \$2.
 Beale, C. E. Gately's World's Progress. Part I. M. R. Gately & Co. \$1.
 Beaufort, Duke of, and Morris, Mowbray. Hunting. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
 Burne, F. S. J. and Miles, H. J. A. Tiles from Dame Marjorie's Chimney-Corner. E. & J. B. Young & Co.
 Chase, W. L. Civil Government in Theory and Practice. Chicago: W. L. Chase. 75 cents.
 Colquhoun, M. J. Prinus in India: A Romance. Harper & Bros. 25 cents.
 D'Anvers, N. Heroes of American Discovery. George Routledge & Sons. \$1.50.
 D'Alviella, Count G. The Contemporary Evolution of Religious Thought in England, America, and India. Translation. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$5.
 Dargenty, G. Eugene Delacroix, par lui-même. Paris: J. Rouam.
 Duplessis, G. Les Emblèmes d'Alciat. Paris: J. Rouam.
 Du Can, Sir E. F. The Punishment and Prevention of Crime. Macmillan & Co. \$1.00.
 Expository Sermons and Outlines on the Old Testament. A. C. Armstrong & Son. \$1.50.
 Genevay, A. Le Style de Louis XIV.: Charles Le Brun, Décorateur. Paris: J. Rouam.
 Gilder, R. W. Lyrics and Other Poems. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75.
 Hadley, A. T. Railroad Transportation: Its History and Its Laws. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.
 Heilwig, Chr. Fr. Dissertation de Formation Loquelæ. (1781). Heilbronn: Gebr. Henninger.
 Hildeburn, C. R. The Issues of the Press in Pennsylvania, 1685-1784. Vol. I. Philadelphia.
 Hedgkin, T. Italy and Her Invaders. Vols. III. and IV. Oxford: The Clarendon Press.
 Hutchinson, J. The Pedigree of Disease. William Wood & Co. \$1.25.
 In a Good Cause: A Collection of Stories, Poems, and Illustrations. E. & J. B. Young & Co.
 Ingelow, Jean. Favorite Poems. Illustrated. Boston: Roberts Bros. \$5.
 Ireland, W. W. The Egot upon the Brain. Studies in History and Psychology. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.
 Lathbury, Mary A. Idylls of the Months: Poems and Drawings. George Routledge & Sons. \$3.50.
 La Rouat, C. de. Études Dramatiques: Le Théâtre-Français. I. Paris: J. Rouam.

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